TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

Vol. 2, No. 6 { The Sheppard Publishing Co., Proprietors. Office—9 Adelaide Street West. } TORONTO, JANUARY 5, 1889. TERMS: { Single Copies, 5c. Per Annum (in advance), $2. } Whole No. 58.

Around Town.

Thank heaven! we are to have no mayoralty contest this year. This burst of thankfulness is double-barrelled insomuch as we have a good mayor, and that we won't have to fight to get one. The party of well-meaning people whose power waxed and waned during the last three contests had begun to imagine that all public business opened with prayer would be all right, even if business methods were neglected and ordinary foresight abandoned. The awful muddle in which the city's business became involved during the revivalist *regime* has been a lesson to those whose fervor carried them too far. A time of usefulness may come to them again—they accomplished one good thing in showing that a public man may be religious and still be popular, and later on that religious zeal alone is insufficient to the equipment for an office of trust. Just now, however, the only means we have of knowing that the religio-temperance-municipal-boss party is not dead is an occasional snore heard from the back benches. Ald. Hallam's bold imitation of William the Liquidator in mingling on his election card Scripture texts and the name of our Saviour together with solicitations to vote for his honest self was a piece of about the most abominable taste the season has produced; but after all it is not much worse than were the methods of the hold-the-fort campaign. However, in John Hallam this was merely a piece of bad taste and worse judgment—we are used to these things in him. As a rule he is a sincere man, but when he gets on the warpath and begins to splutter, the hoofs and the horns have to go with the hide, and everyone who can't swim has to climb a tree.

***

It is wonderful how great a Yankee interest in Canada has been excited by the late discussion on our affairs in the American papers. Last week's *Judge* had a very pretty picture of Brother Jonathan flirting with a very coquettish maid representing Canada. Inside it had a long and—in the main—a very sensible article on the situation. In the majority of cases the journals of the Republic take a calm and sensible view of the question, though Senator Blair, who is a sort of Republican dodo stuffed with gas, insists on forcible annexation if Canada will not yield without a struggle. The Senator explains that while at present Canada's population is small, the time must surely come when the Dominion will have one hundred millions of people and the United States three hundred millions, which will mean two colossal nations, great in power, great in numbers and resources, living side by side, alien in instincts and impulses, and therefore a bloody war would certainly result. Though we are moderately sanguine in Canada, we appreciate the fact that it will be several years before our five millions are increased twenty-fold. Senator Blair and all his grandchildren will be dead long before this, and he had better leave with his great grandchildren the settlement of a question which, in the meantime, may settle itself, particularly when, if he tries to hurry it, blood will probably be spilt now with good chances of it being spilt all over again when the fourth generation of Blairs are old enough to make as much noise as their great grand-dad is now making. The Senator has even mapped out the campaign. Blue-coated armies are to be poured into Canada, from Prince Edward Island to British Columbia, and probably to massacre us with pudding or mayhap talk us to death if they can get near enough. The detachment led by Senator Blair should land at Victoria Park by way of Frenchman's Bay, and his armed minions will have the first chance to seize the distillery. As a friendly caution to this gentleman who intends to readjust the map of North America I would suggest that when he comes he take small drinks and keep his vest on.

***

By the way, there seems to be quite a revival of Puritanism in the United States. In Connecticut a vigilance committee mutilated a valuable collection of reproductions of some of the most celebrated statues of the world, which was about to be presented by some public-spirited citizen to the local museum. The objection to the works of art arose from the fact that they hadn't winter clothes on, and this couldn't be tolerated in the New England homes where the women are so modest that they won't work in the kitchen unless the limbs of the stove have pantalettes on. An agitation much more sensible but still uncalled for is that of the clergy against the inaugural ball at Washington, when General Harrison climbs up the steps to the presidential chair. As the proposed ball will be paid for by the people who attend it and not by the government it seems a good deal like meddling in other people's business when conferences demand that General Harrison have nothing to do with it. The clerical storm is growing so that the great Republican party begin to fear that it will be an issue in politics, and this, rather than the religious phase of the question, is alarming them considerably. They might compromise the matter by striking the round dances off the programme—have the Circassian circle, the cotillion, the Virginia reel—winding up with the stately old minuet—and to prevent undue friskiness it might be stipulated that every one wear ulsters and gum boots. This sort of thing would be dignified without being dangerous, and the clerical gentlemen would have the satisfaction of knowing that they had spoiled the fun, while the Republicans would be consoled by knowing that they hadn't been bluffed out of their dance.

***

A bad state of things is disclosed in Montreal, where after three years' detention on an unjustifiable and illegal conviction as a vagrant, Adeline Trempe was lately set at liberty. No better example has recently been made of how loosely the law is administered in the sister province. Eugenia Trempe was committed as an unlicensed beggar three years ago, but, after the commitment, the document was changed to fit her sister, Adelina Trempe, and without being questioned at all the girl was imprisoned. When she was produced in court the poor thing was dressed in white calico with an old jacket three times her size and a battered hat to complete her toilet. Her health was shattered by having been kept at washing and ironing and heavy work, and during the imprisonment Adeline's mother had died of a broken heart. The affair was so bad that Sir Antoine Dorion condemned the law permitting it as atrocious and the irregularities connected with the proceedings as disgracing the Recorder's Court.

***

I am glad to hear that there is a movement amongst those prosecuting Samo looking towards his release. Some of the lawyers engaged on the case have represented that if his release is not construed as forgiveness of the debt they would advise proceedings to be dropped. I hope the poor beggar will soon be out of jail again, not only for his own sake, but for that of his suffering family and the good name of this province. At the next session of the legislature a measure should be passed making this sort of thing impossible in the future. It is nothing but imprisonment for debt, no matter what it may be called, and that was voted a barbarity years ago While the Hon. Oliver Mowat is hunting for something to reform, this question deserves his serious consideration. We perhaps cannot expect him to engage in reforms which will make fewer offices, or decrease the emoluments of his camp followers, but he could sustain his reputation as a good and benevolent man (without it costing him or his party anything to be so) by making it impossible to jail a man for debt, or use the *capias* as a means of extorting money.

***

Talking about reforms, it is pretty well understood that the city is to be divided up into two registry districts and that that stalwart apostle of purity and progress, Peter Ryan, is to be rewarded by entering into one of the folds. Unlike his namesake of old, Peter has never publicly denied his master. Though his eloquence was tearing the plaster off the walls of country school-houses and the cocks crew and crew again, Peter kept on and would not take back a word. Stalwart of frame and elastic of lung Peter knew no equal on the stump, if said stump were sufficiently remote from contradictory figures. When unopposed, save by those who were unaware of the fecundity of his mind and the brilliancy of his imagination, Peter could sway a crowd in a country school-house till the whole building rocked. Laughter and tears were equally at his command, and those who have not seen his face bedewed by the pearly drops of sympathy cannot imagine what a tempest of emotion was on tap in the bosom of the great job-lots auctioneer. At one time it is said he aspired to the leadership of the Catholic wing of the provincial Liberal party and engaged in several combats with Christopher Finlay Fraser, which invariably resulted in his own discomfiture. So it came to pass that the phantom of ambition receded from him, and having no longer any hopes of becoming the leader of his race and religion in the Legislature, Peter became willing to take something else, and that something else assumes shape as the West Toronto registrarship. It will no doubt be a fat thing, but I would like to know how Mr. Mowat, when defending Registrar Ridout's claim for compensation for the loss of Parkdale fees can consistently take from Registrar Lindsay half of Toronto's fees without compensating him therefor. It is possible that he intends to make him an allowance! Certainly if Mr. Ridout should have fifteen hundred dollars for losing Parkdale, Mr. Lindsay should have fifteen thousand for losing half of Toronto. We need two registry offices in Toronto about as much as we need two post offices, two custom houses, two Parliament buildings. The registry of deeds, mortgages, etc., is attended to almost entirely by the lawyers, and convenience of location is answered completely by the present arrangement. The division of the city in this way is no more justifiable than was the separation of the shrievalties of Toronto and York; it is intended for no more desirable purpose than to pension off Mr. Ryan, and that it is not a reform will be proven by the continuance of the payment of fees unjustifiably large. If a reform were intended the fees would be abolished and one man given the whole office with a salary of $1,500 or $2,000, and under such circumstances the market square would not hold the applicants who would be willing to accept the position at that price and be competent to fill it. The only good feature about the division is, that if it will be good for nobody else, it will be good for Peter; and if the trouble they are taking to provide him with a place is any measure of Liberal anxiety to quiet him, they are consumed by no ordinary fire.

***

Inspector Archabold, our censor of morals, reports that crime is not increasing in Toronto in proportion to the growth of population, and that in regard to the enforcement of the law as to the social evil and the liquor traffic there never was a time in the history of the city when it was better carried out than during the past year. This is comforting, and it would not be less so if this state paper were not an apparent endorsation of Staff Inspector Archabold's administration. However, he is certainly not to blame for speaking in this indirectly complimentary way of himself, for he is a zealous officer, whose crusade against sin suits his appetite exactly.

***

High life in Madras is agitated by a scandal of no ordinary magnitude. During a state ball Lady Connemara, wife of the Governor of the Madras presidency, suddenly took her leave of Government House, attended by Captain Quinn, an aide-de-camp, and Lady Eva Quinn, and took up her quarters at a tavern, alleging that it was impossible for her to remain under the same roof with her husband. We can imagine how a public exhibition of this sort would agitate Canada, though, thank fortune, we have had governors, of late years at least, who have not respected themselves and our society too much to ill-behave themselves. Scandals of this sort have not been infrequent amongst British diplomatists. The ambassador to one of the leading courts in Europe—a great favorite of the Queen's, he was, too—having appeared in public with a notorious woman with whom he was infatuated, his disreputable conduct was the occasion of his immediate recall and permanent disgrace, for that is one offence Her Majesty will not condone. Lady Connemara sails for England, and it is to be expected that Madras will have a new governer before long. As I remarked last week, this seems to be a hard winter for governors and diplomatists.

***

The young gentleman who has been emperor of China for the last fourteen years is now eighteen years old, and the dowager empress having decided that it is time for him to get married, issues a proclamation in the *Pekin Gazette*, which is quite an interesting state paper, setting forth that the emperor having succeeded to maturity it is becoming that he should select a "virtuous consort to assist him in the administration of the palace," and "to encourage the emperor himself in upright conduct." Under these circumstances the empress selects Yeh-ho-na-la "for her dignified and virtuous character to be the emperor's consort." Even in civilized countries it is not unusual for a mother to select her daughter-in-law, though perhaps, in not so direct and mandatory a manner, but when the dowager empress proceeds to select wife number two, a Miss Ta-ta-la, aged fifteen, as the secondary consort of the first rank, and her sister aged thirteen for thirdly and as the opening chapter of the second rank, one begins to feel sorry for the young "Chinazer." Probably by the time he is twenty-one he will have a score of them to look after, and, on the principle that he will have to be alert and judicious to keep his wives out of one another's hair, he will become skilled in ruling a nation. A boy of eighteen who can manage three wives without getting his eyes blackened once a week would certainly make a strong candidate for a ward boss if not for emperor of the Flowery Kingdom.

***

The Rev. T. W. Campbell's recent sermon on, "Wine is a mocker and strong drink is raging," was an excellent effort, but would have been a more forcible plea for temperance had he not insisted that to bring about such an end the liquor traffic would have to be abolished. Compulsory abstinence is not temperance. A man cannot be honest if he has no opportunity to steal, nor can he be temperate unless he has an opportunity to be intemperate. His reference to the item in the daily papers concerning the drunkenness on Christmas day was *apropos;* there was a great deal of drunkenness on that holiday, but much less than in former years. I believe that drunkenness is decreasing in civilized countries year by year. Educated public opinion and wise restrictions—though Mr. Campbell thinks restrictions are merely a tampering with the evil—have made it easier for men to keep sober. There was a time when the pressure of almost every influence was in the direction of forcing men to comply with drinking customs. The New Year's callers of 1889 found no such temptations thrown in their way; the wine did not mock them from dainty glasses held out by fair fingers as it did years ago. The treating customs in saloons even, though still observed are despised and it will not be long before they give way to the intelligence which shows a man that because he drinks once it is no reason he should drink ten times, particularly as eight drinks will be taken after his thirst has been satisfied and his judgment warned that he has had enough. The greatest carnival of drunkenness that Toronto has witnessed for some time was on New Year's 1888—a debauch which was justly ascribed to the reaction after the attempt to enforce blue laws and to create an arbitrary public opinion by the continual preaching of prohibition. I imagine the best way to bring about a temperance reform is now being practiced:—the frowning down of midday and midnight and promiscuous drinking, the just contempt which is felt for and evinced towards excessive drinkers and the exclusion from society and places of trust of men who are known as untrustworthy in the presence of temptation.

DON.

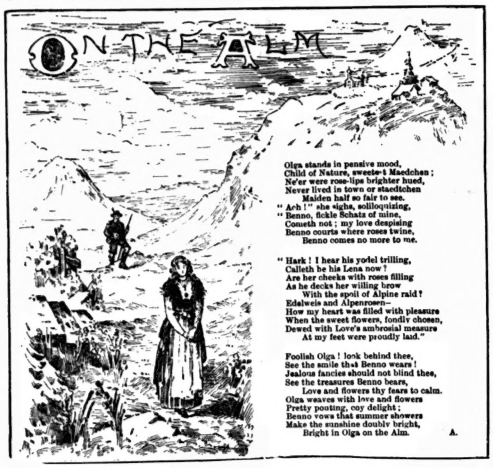
MADAME ALBANI.

Madame Albani.

This week we give the picture of the celebrated Canadian nightingale Madame Albani, who is returning to America after a prolonged tour of all the principal cities of Europe. Madame Albani's real name is Marie Euna Lajeneuse. She is of French Canadian parentage and was born a short distance from Montreal in the year 1851. In 1878 she was married to Mr. Ernest Gye. Wherever she has appeared she has received praise and patronage from kings and populace—peer and peasant alike. The Liverpool *Mercury*, in speaking of Albani who appeared at the Philharmonic concert there, says: "And there was the glorious singing of Albani who, whether in her classic songs or the lengthy recitatives and dramatic concerted scenes, lifted the part of the priestess Diana into a picture which has never had its equal on the concert stage. Truly those who heard the greatest of our sopranos last evening have something to mark with red letters in their diaries. We have heard Patti and Nillson, but Albani is the queen." A strong effort is being made to get her to visit Toronto.

How to Clear a Church's Debt.

At a meeting of a church committee recently held to consider how the debt of $10,000 for the repairing of the church could be met, while the committee were discussing the matter, a lump of the ceiling came down and hit an old man on the head. He did not take much notice of the incident, but said: "I give $500." An old lady who was standing by was heard to say: "Drop another bit on him, Lord, and we'll soon get the debt cleared!"



Olga stands in pensive mood,
Child of Nature, sweeter-t Maedchen;
Ne'er were rose-lips brighter hued,
Ne'er lived in town or staedtchen
Maiden half so fair to see.
"Ach!" she sighs, soliloquizing,
"Benno, fickle Schatz of mine,
Cometh not; my love despising
Benno scourts where roses twine,
Benno comes no more to me.

"Hark! I hear his yodel trilling,
Calleth he his Lena now?
Are her cheeks with roses filling
As he decks her willing brow
With the spoil of Alpine raid?
Edelweis and Alpenrosen—
How my heart was filled with pleasure
When the sweet flowers, fondly chosen,
Dowed with Love's ambrosial nosegay
At my feet were proudly laid."

Foolish Olga! look behind thee,
See the smile that Benno wears!
Jealous fancies should not blind thee,
See the treasures Benno bears,
Love and flowers thy fears to calm.
Olga weaves with love and flowers
Pretty pouting, coy delight;
Benno vows that summer showers
Make the sunshine doubly bright,
Bright in Olga on the Alm. A.

Society.

Since the illness of Miss Campbell became generally known, Government House has, of course, been besieged by callers and messages of inquiry; and though the answers to these inquiries have been uniformly favorable, it was not till New Year's day that people were told that Miss Campbell was pronounced out of danger, and this was the most welcome item put in circulation by the New Year's callers.

•

Although most people wished for snow and would have preferred a sleigh to a carriage in which to do their rounds last Tuesday, yet the first day of 1889 might have been much worse as regards its weather. Men who paid their calls on foot, found it just cold enough to make sharp walking pleasant. It was not so cold as to compel the donning of that necessary monstrosity, a fur cap, instead of the orthodox chimney-pot, and those on wheels found the city roadways not quite so bad as usual.

The ways of New Year's day callers are manifold, and many of them make us glad that New Year's calling is rapidly falling into desuetude. There is the economical youth of energy who starts on foot at eleven o'clock and disturbs households, the ladies of which have perhaps scarcely finished breakfast, and who, as six o'clock comes and he pays the last visit of his weary round, is able proudly to relate that this is his forty-fifth. There is again the man who starts at about the same unearthly hour, but who drives, and by dinner-time accomplishes perhaps eighty or ninety; and lastly, there is he who recognizes the impossibility of calling on all his friends and acquaintances, at any rate within decent hours, and who therefore contents himself with half-a-dozen visits to houses where he best likes to go, and where he can stay long enough to enjoy his call. Is not this last the most sensible plan? The average society man, even if he is willing to annoy people by visiting them before mid-day, and even though his steed or steeds be of the fastest, cannot possibly call at the houses where he owes civility. Formerly it was a different matter, but nowadays Toronto society is too large, and its members are too much scattered. May ladies amongst my readers, who have been disappointed in certain callers, think of the distance between the Rosedale heights and Wellington street; between Sherbourne street and Parkdale, and many truants will be forgiven.

•

I cannot let pass the advent of the new year without pausing for a moment in my task of gossip and chronicle, to ponder on the contrast between the affairs of which I write as they are now and as they were when 1888 was born. Last year at this time the curtain descended on the first act of the season's comedy amidst joyful applause and shouts of delight at its sparkle and brilliancy, and delighted as the audience were with what had gone before, they were especially confident that the second act, between the new year and Lent, would altogether eclipse the first. This year, although the first act had given much quiet enjoyment and has not been without an occasional passage which has sparkled, such passages have not been frequent enough to give brilliancy to the whole. "How gay we have been!" "What a delightful winter!" Such were the acclamations a year ago, and now for the most part they have changed to lamentations—"What a slow winter!" "How little there is going on!"

•

On Friday afternoon of last week Mr. and Mrs. Brough of St. George street gave a large and pleasant At Home. Mrs. Brough's house is a large one but it was not too large for the accommodation of her many guests. Mrs Brough's invitations had named the affair "a five o'clock tea, to meet her friends," but Mrs. Brough's friends are by no means few, and if she does not quite deserve Cowper's description of

"She that asks
Her dear five hundred friends,"

her list of "dear friends" is a large one. It is as difficult to persuade Toronto people to come earlier than a quarter to six in the afternoon as it is to get them before a quarter to ten in the evening, but last Friday it seemed to me that Mrs. Brough's guests were even later than usual. Hardly anyone came before six o'clock and from that hour till half past six the staff of waiters seemed to be having a pretty hot time of it. Everybody appeared to be wanting refreshments of some kind at the same time.

•

On the last two evenings of last week everyone seemed to be going either to the opera or to hear the Hungarian Band at the Permanent Exhibition. The Yeoman of the Guard was played to a very smart house. One stage box was graced by the Misses Ford Jones, Dr. Jones and Mr. Ford Jones of Kingston College; another by the Misses Wragge, Mrs. Bain of Cumberland, England, and Mr. Mayne Campbell, and in the other boxes I noticed Miss Thorburn, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Barwick, Miss Mabel Heward, Mr. Edin Heward, Mr. Stephen Heward and Mr. Williams, R. E., while elsewhere were Mr. and Mrs. Collins, Mr. and Mrs. George Torrance, Col. and Mrs. Sweny, Mr. William Blake, Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong, Mr. and Mrs. Cromble, Miss Willis, Capt. Sears, Miss Laura Britton, Mr. Fox, Miss Wilkie, Mr. Percy Goldingham, Mr. Coney of Detroit, Mr. and Mrs. Rathburn.

•

On both Friday and Saturday there were numerous parties of fashionable people at the performances of the Hungarian band. On Friday night the behavior of a large party of fashionables who certainly ought to know better was such that had I been one of the managers of the entertainment I should have been much tempted to remonstrate with them. They had come evidently not to listen to the music but to enjoy each other's society, and this they did with chatter and laughter so loud and constant as to make it impossible for anybody near them to enjoy the excellent playing of the band. Gradually those persons occupying the seats in their vicinity withdrew to other parts of the room, till at last they were left alone with a large clear space on all sides of them. Apparently unabashed they continued to enjoy themselves in their own way till the end.

•

A notable dinner amongst the many that have been held in honor of Captain Sears, was that given by his brother officers at the barracks on the last night of the old year. Several guests, friends of the popular adjutant, had been invited out from town, and when dinner was over, the whole party adjourned to the ball with which the non-commissioned officers, their families, and their friends, were seeing the New Year in. Yesterday, Friday the 4th, he went to his home at St. John, N. B., to take leave of his relations, and next week sails for England, thence to join his regiment at Gibraltar.

•

Mr. Freer, a brother officer of Captain Sears, and who has filled the post of adjutant to the Infantry School at London, Ont., was in town at the end of last week. Together these two gentlemen will cross the Atlantic. They have been away from their regiment four years.

•

If only on account of his height, Mr. Arthur Hodgins, C. E., is a conspicuous figure in Toronto society. This gentleman, who has been assisting to build a railway at Sherbrooke, Que., for the last year, has returned to town and will take a few months' holiday. Mr. Hodgins talks of South America as the next scene of his labor.

•

On New Year's Day many hospitable houses provided luncheon to all comers, but some hosts and hostesses preferred to send out invitations and go in for a more formal kind of luncheon party. Notably Mr. Holland, the general manager of the Ontario Bank, and Mrs. Holland, at their fine house on Wellington street. Amongst Mr. and Mrs. Holland's guests were Colonel Otter, Captain Sears, Miss Hugel of Port Hope, Mr. Rowley Moffatt, Mr. and Mrs. De Lisle, Mr. Roberts, Miss Hodgins, and Mr. Hodgins.

•

Miss Kate Merritt of St. George street, who spent last summer at Banff and has since been staying at several of the larger ranches in the North-West, returned to town this week. Mrs. Hamilton Merritt and Miss Merritt have also been away in the N. W., but preceded Miss Kate Merritt by nine weeks in their return to town.

•

To-day (Saturday) society will be very busy, for in the afternoon those who do not go to Mrs. Percival Ridout's At Home at Rosedale House, will doubtless attend a five o'clock tea at Mrs. Wragge's house on Wellesley street. In the evening many roads will lead in a direction in which they very often do lead, namely to Mrs. Edward Jones' on Church street. On this occasion Mrs. Jones' guests are invited to meet Miss Sibley of Detroit, a lady whose violin playing has gained her great fame. I believe that her skill is something quite beyond the general run of amateur players.

•

The elder Mr. Moffatt, who is an officer in the North-West Mounted Police, and who is quartered at Regina, was in town last week, but his leave was short.

•

Dr. Colin Campbell returned to his patients in New York at the end of last week.

•

Amongst Kingston cadets whose uniforms have brightened streets and drawing-rooms of late are Mr. Ford-Jones, Mr. Bingham Allan of cricketing fame, and Mr. McInnes. Mr. W. McInnes and Miss Jessie McInnes of Montreal who have been staying with Mrs. James Strachan on Richmond street, returned to Montreal on Wednesday. Although there appear to have been a number of dances in Montreal this winter, and the Victoria Skating Rink is a constant fashionable rendezvous, people there seem to be complaining of the comparative quietness of the season almost as much as we complain here.

•

Mr. and Mrs. McArthur of Victoria, B. C., after a stay of some weeks with various friends here, have left this week for New York.

•

Mr. McLellan, who is now one of the brotherhood that inhabits McCaul street, has been spending the week in Montreal.

•

Mr. Coney of Detroit has left town to return to the States. The reception he has met here should induce others of his kind to follow his example.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Arbuthnot of London, England, have left for San Francisco en route for the Sandwich Islands, where it report of the isles has not lied to them, they intend to take up their abode.

•

Mrs. George Torrance spent New Year's day with Mrs. Frank Mackelcan in Hamilton; there were numerous callers on Grosvenor street disappointed.

•

Mr. Thorpe and Miss Alice Thorpe of Norwich, England, have returned to Europe; they sailed this week by the North German Lloyd boat from New York.

•

Miss Laura D'Arcy Boulton, who of late has resided in New York, has returned to Toronto, and will probably not return to the States.

•

Lord and Lady Stanley, attended by Colonel and Mrs. Colville, Miss Lester and Captain McMahon, arrived on the morning of Wednesday. The public reception on the afternoon of that day was not quite so dismal a ceremony as I had anticipated. The band of the Queen's Own did their best to make things lively, and Mr. Bayley has succeeded in making that best—very good indeed. The cordon of officers in grenadier, rifle, cavalry and artillery uniforms, between whom people made their entrance and exit, was an imposing sight. It must, however, have been a rather exhausting afternoon for these officers, and still more so for their Excellencies. From four till half-past six was a very long time, and the last half hour was, after all, unnecessary, for hardly anybody came in after six.

•

The original intention of the Victoria Club to give a carnival last Thursday evening had to be abandoned, owing to the essential feature of ice being wanting. As first proposed invitations were extended to the members and their families for whom the upper galleries were to be reserved and the general public were invited to view the carnival from the lower gallery. After doing a great deal of hard labor in preparing the building for the festive event and placarding the city with gorgeous posters, the committee became panic-stricken lest ice would not appear, and it is said some of them earnestly prayed that the weather might turn cold, but their prayers were not answered, and at the last moment the invitations to the public were cancelled, and the members had to turn the carnival into a dance in the billiard room, which, to do the committee credit, had been as nicely decorated as it was possible in the short time at their disposal. It was half-past nine before dancing began; the billiard room was crowded, and many of the faces best known in society were there. It is impossible to give an extended account this week of either the grand opening of the rink by Lord Stanley or of the charming evening. The address was presented by President A. M. Cosby.

•

Following is a list of President Cosby's guests at the first dinner given in the club: The Governor General, Hon. Frank Smith, Sir Adam Wilson, Mr. Justice Osler, Mr. Justice McLennan, Dr. Temple, Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, Commander Law, Dr. Sprague, Lt.-Col. Smith, A. D. C., Lt.-Col. Grasett, Lt. Col. Dawson, A. D. C., Mr. R. H. Bethune, Mr. Cecil Gibson, Mr. F. P. Bidout, Mr. J. K. Kerr, Lt.-Col. Gillmor, the Bishop of Toronto, Sir Wm. Howland, Hon. Oliver Mowat, Sir Daniel Wilson, Mr. Justice MacMahon, Lt.-Col. Otter, Prof. Clark, Hon. A. S. Hardy, Mr. W. B. McMurrich, Mr. J. I. Davidson, Mr. A. E. Plummer, Mr J. W. Langmuir, Mr. A. J. Cattanach, Mr. T. H. Morrison, Lt.-Col. G. T. Denison, Capt. Colville, A.D.C., Mr. B.E. Walker, Mr. Gamble Geddes.

•

At Jervieton, on Thursday, Mr. W. B. McMurrich, Vice-President of the Victoria Club, invited the following ladies and gentlemen to partake of luncheon with their Excellencies, and nearly all of them were present: The Lieut.-Governor and Miss Campbell, Major-General Sir F. Middleton and Lady Middleton, Hon. Oliver Mowat and Mrs. Mowat, Lieut.-Col. Otter, D. A. G., and Mrs. Otter, Lieut.-Col. Sweny and Mrs. Sweny, Hon. J. B. Robinson and Mrs. Robinson, Dr. Goldwin Smith and Mrs. Smith, Dr. Sprague and Mrs. Sprague, Commander Law, R. N., and Mrs. Law, Mr. Gamble Geddes.

•

An awkward mistake was that made by the invitation committee of the Victoria Club. Somehow or other no formal invitation was sent to Lady Stanley, and it was only when Her Excellency telegraphed to have a box reserved for her at the theatre for Thursday night, that the important omission became known. However, Lady Stanley and Hon. Mrs. Colville, with Lieut. McMahon, drove to the rink after the play was over.

•

The reception given by the Mayor at his office on New Year's day was a very great success, though lacking somewhat in fair callers, and will no doubt be imitated by future mayors.

•

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Ridout have flitted from their pretty country house, Quorn Cottage, Colborne, and are spending the Christmas season at Rosedale House.

•

Sleepy Hollow, where the last vistage of the natural beauties of the University dell have been preserved, was again the center of many visitors on New Year's day. Mrs. Robinson's numerous friends have many kindly reminiscences of the grace and ability with which she presided at Government House.

•

I am told that Mrs. C. W. Bunting's New Year's drawing-room was the prettiest in the city. Mrs. Charles Riordan received her friends with Mrs. Bunting.

•

Ex.-Lieut.-Gov. Aikins and family are now settled in their house on Wellesley street. I understand that Mrs. Aikins' reception day is Thursday.

Personal.

Miss Lily Fraser of Port Hope is among our Christmas visitors.

Dr. Haggarty of Portage la Prairie is visiting his old friends in Toronto.

Gen. Middleton is a guest of Prof. Goldwin Smith at the Grange for a few days.

Mr. R. R. Samuel of the Montreal *Gazette* paid Toronto a flying visit on Wednesday.

George T. Knight of Baron Rudolph fame, who has been seriously ill, is slowly recovering.

Brandon Thomas, well known with Rosina Vokes' company last season, has just been married in London to a rich jeweler's daughter.

Zetland Lodge will have their annual At Home on Monday, January 28, and as usual it will be the social masonic event of the season.

Miss Ryan, Miss N. Burns and Miss H. Archabold have returned from Montreal, where they have been attending the Sault au Recollet.

Mr. William Bengough of New York, brother of J. W. Bengough of *Grip*, has been spending his holidays with his friends and fellow artists in the city.

At the Church of the Redeemer service of praise on Wednesday evening next, the choir will be assisted by M'lle Adele Strauss and Mr. Arthur Dorey, the new organist of St. Luke's.

Mrs. Prior's pupils assisted by Mr. Walter Donville and Mr. W. E. Ramsay gave a most creditable concert for the benefit of the Church of the Epiphany building fund on Thursday evening.

•

A farewell party was given to Mr. Charles Clarke at his father's house, 25 Avenue road, on Monday last. He left for Detroit on Wednesday and was given a hearty send off by his many friends.

Signor d'Auria of the Conservatory of Music has offered a scholarship good for one year's free instruction in singing. The competition will take place at the Conservatory on Wednesday evening, January 9.

Rev. J. L. Jones of Kingston Military College is in the city. They are about to establish a paper there to be called the College *Gazette*. Ex-cadets in various parts of the world are expected to contribute.

At the residence of her brother, Mr. E. E. Pike, 21 Harbord street, on Christmas day, Mrs. L. Bagshaw was married to Mr. E. C. Rice, bookseller, of Wyoming. Rev. D. L. Sutherland officiated, and the company present was a large and happy one.

Mr. W. O. Forsyth has just returned from Germany where for three years past he has been studying music. Mr. Forsyth studied in the Leipzig Conservatory and with Jadassohn, Krause and Ruthardt. He has devoted himself particularly to instrumentation and theoretical work.

On Christmas eve, Mr. A. E. Hurst, brother of Will Hurst the bicyclist, was presented with a large portrait of himself, by his pupils in the gymnasium of the Young Women's Christian Guild. Mr. Hurst also won a medal at the gymnastic competition at the Y. M. C. A. on New Year's day.

Lord Stanley and Captain McMahon visited Mr. Hamilton McCarthy's studio Thursday and had first view of the completed model of the statue of the late Col. Williams, to be erected at Port Hope. The likeness is a striking one, the attitude is with sword uplifted as in leading a charge. His Excellency expressed himself as much pleased with it.

Mr. George Stewart, jr., editor of the Quebec *Chronicle*, writes to an Eastern paper: I am not a candidate for a professorship at Toronto university. I have never been a candidate for a professorship in any college. The attractions of a literary and journalistic life are too strong for me to withstand. My friend, Sir Daniel Wilson, president of the college, has had moreover a letter from me, in which I have

(Continued on Page Eleven.)

E. BEETON
Chronometer and High-Grade Watch Specialist.
OPPOSITE POST OFFICE, TORONTO.
Repairing and adjusting of fine and complicated watches of every description my forte.
Key-winding Watches Altered to Stem-winders.

Beautiful Presents for the Holidays

Examine the Fine Shoes and Slippers at
L. A. STACKHOUSE'S, 427 YONGE STREET

RECOMMEND TO THE LADIES
Armand's Hair Store
407 Yonge St. 407
Where they can obtain the best finished Hair Goods, best quality, at reasonable prices. Fringes, Pompadour Bangs, Waves, Switches, Wigs, etc.
Ladies' hair-dressing for Balls, Soirees, Theaters, etc. Powdered and Historical hair-dressing in perfect styles.
Ladies' hair-cutting, Singeing and Shampooing. Ladies waited upon at their own residence. Hair Dyed or Bleached in any color or shade. Special appointments made. Hair Watch Chains made to order.
FRANCLE ARMAND
Ladies' Fashionable Hair-Dresser and Perfumer
407 Yonge Street 407—Toronto

TOURS IN THE TROPICS
Yachting Trips Among the Islands
Bermuda, Nassau, Cuba, the Windward Isles, Panama, California, South America.
Full information as to Sailings, Rates, Pamphlets, &c.
Barlow Cumberland
72 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

North German Lloyd
ONLY BI-WEEKLY LINE
Palatial express steamships from New York
EVERY WEDNESDAY. EVERY SATURDAY
THE SHORT ROUTE TO LONDON, PARIS, EUROPE
OELRICHS & CO., General Agents, New York.
BARLOW CUMBERLAND, Agent, 72 Yonge St., Toronto

MONS. F. BOUCHER
VIOLIN VIRTUOSO
Will receive a limited number of pupils for the Violin.
RESIDENCE 168 HURON STREET
Also, will accept engagements for concerts as SOLOIST

DYEING AND CLEANING
Gent's Suits dyed or cleaned. Ladies' Dresses dyed or cleaned. Overcoats and Ulsters dyed or cleaned.
Telephone No. 1258. Best house in the city at
STOCKWELL, HENDERSON & BLAKE'S
89 King Street West.

MUSIC
Now that the holiday rush is over we will continue the sale of the balance of our stock of sheet music, comprising over
5,000 COPIES
including the compositions of all the popular composers of the day, at
10c. per copy, 3 for 25c.
Precisely the same music as sold by other dealers for 30c., 40c., 50c., 60c. and 75c. per copy.
F. W. NYE & CO.
"The Rossin House News Depot"
137 King Street West, Toronto.

RECIPROCITY
If you received a Christmas Present, reciprocate. Call at
Bingham's Pharmacy
100 YONGE STREET
and procure one of the few Holiday Gifts still left,
Now Selling at Cost
TAYLOR & CO.
ART TAILORS
120½ WEST KING ST.
OPPOSITE ROSIN HOUSE ENTRANCE.
Perfect Workmanship and Correct Style of Dress for Gentlemen's Wear at Reasonable Prices. Personal attention given to all patrons by our Mr. Charles M. Taylor.

TRADE MARK
W. F. ROSS & CO.
ROOM 1,
55 AND 57 ADELAIDE STREET EAST,
TORONTO.
High Grade Non-Magnetic Swiss & American
WATCHES
Gold and Silver—Wholesale and Retail

TRY OUR NEW PATENT
YATISI
YATISI
TRADE MARK
CORSET
This is the most perfect-fitting and comfortable corset in the market.
Crompton Corset Co'y
Sole Manufacturers for the Dominion

EDWARDS' DESSICATED SOUP
Consists of Extract of BEEF AND VEGETABLES in a dry state; quickly and easily made ready for the table; agreeable to the palate;
NUTRITIOUS, ECONOMICAL
and is, in its proportions of flesh-formers, heat-formers and mineral salts, a most perfect diet!
FOR SALE BY ALL GROCERS
In tins, 1lb., 40c.; ½lb., 25c.; ¼lb., 15c.; and 2 oz. packets 5c.
EDWARDS' ECONOMIC COOKERY—a valuable book—post free on application.
STANWAY & BAILEY, Wholesale Agents,
44 FRONT STREET EAST, TORONTO.

W. A. MURRAY & CO.
To-day commence their Great Annual Clearing Sale of
WINTER GOODS
Stock is still very large and well assorted. Grand Bargains to be had in every Department, specially in Mantles, Costumes, Millinery, Silks, Dress Goods, Blankets, Flannels, House Linens, Upholstery and House Furnishing Goods of every description. Buyers will save money by making their purchases during the sale at
W. A. MURRAY & CO'S
17, 19, 21, 23, 25 AND 27 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO.

Telephone 344

MARSLAND & KENNEDY

FAMILY GROCERS

WINE & SPIRIT MERCHANTS

285 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO

Fine Wines for Medicinal Purposes a Specialty.

Miss Jessie Alexander, B. E.

Teacher of Elocution for the Conservatory of Music, reopens her classes this week.

Applications for her services as a teacher may be made at the Conservatory Offices, cor. Yonge Street and Wilton Avenue.

MISS RUTHVEN
Teacher of Pianoforte and Harmony
18 Wood Street, Toronto.

A. S. VOGT (LATE OF THE ROYAL Conservatoire, Leipzig, Germany) Organist and Choirmaster Jarvis St. Baptist Church, Toronto, teacher of
Piano, Organ and Musical Theory
at the Toronto College of Music
Residence 305 Jarvis Street

MISS LIZZIE HIGGINS
Late of Royal Conservatorium, Leipzig, Germany
Teacher of Piano-forte, Harmony, Counterpoint, &c., at the Conservatory of Music, Toronto, is prepared to receive pupils for private instruction at her residence,
16 CLARENCE SQUARE

PERCY V. GREENWOOD
Organist All Saints' Church, Teacher of Music. Three manual organ for practise. Address 239 Sherbourne street. Telephone 1,775.

TORONTO ORCHESTRAL ASSOCIATION
Hon. Member—F. H. TORRINGTON.
Composed of professional musicians only. Are now prepared to furnish music for Balls, Parties, At Homes, &c. Large or small orchestras Address THOS. CLAXTON, President and Manager, 197 Yonge Street.

MR. THOMAS BAUGH
CORNET VIRTUOSO
Open for concert, etc. First-class music for Balls, Receptions, At Homes.
257 Spadina Ave.
Or care Heintzman & Co., 117 King St. West.

Mr. HAMILTON McCARTHY, A.R.C.A., Sculptor
Has removed to commodious premises on the ground floor of New Buildings on Lombard Street, immediately opposite Postoffice

Claxton's Music Stores

197 Yonge Street
AND
63 King Street West

Toronto Conservatory of Music

Hon. G. W. Allan, President
OVER 600 PUPILS FIRST SEASON

50 TEACHERS: Virtually all departments of Music taught from beginning to graduation, including piano, vocal art, organ, violin, sight-singing, harmony, etc.; also elocution. **Certificates and Diplomas.** Tuition, $5 and upwards per term. Both class and private instruction. Pupils may enter at any date and are only charged proportionately. Board and room provided. **FREE ADVANTAGES:** Elementary harmony and violin instruction, lectures, concerts, recitals, etc. Calendar giving full information mailed on application.

There being private schools bearing names somewhat similar, it is particularly requested that all correspondence for the Conservatory be addressed
EDWARD FISHER, Director,
Cor. Yonge Street and Wilton Ave. TORONTO.

ONTARIO COLLEGE OF MUSIC

142 Carlton Street Opposite the Gardens

This is a Private School, patronized by the best families in the city. The principal teacher who has had charge of the school for the **past four years is a German,** educated in his native country, and has had thirty years experience as a teacher of music in the United States and Canada. Mechanical playing of scales and exercises retards the intellectual part of Piano instruction, which is the foundation of a thorough and lasting education. By our method we overcome this difficulty without sacrificing technical proficiency. Thorough work guaranteed from the lowest to the highest grade. Private instruction at pupil's residence if preferred. For information address the Principal,
C. FARMINGER.

Toronto College of Music

Thorough instruction in every branch of Music, Vocal, Instrumental and Theoretical, by exceptionally well qualified teachers. Large 3 manual Pipe Organ and capacious Music Hall. Students of Orchestral Instruments have the special advantage of practical experience in an orchestra of sixty performers. Vocal Students take part in a large chorus, gaining experience in Oratorio and classical concert music. All courses thoroughly practical, whether for professional or amateur students. All students participate in FREE lectures and lectures on harmony, acoustics and all other subjects necessary to a proper musical education. TERMS—Class or private tuition, $5 to $50. **F. H. Torrington,** Director, 12 to 14 Pembroke St., TORONTO

DANCING
PROF. THOMAS'
HAS REMOVED TO
Y. W. C. Guild Building 201 and 203 Yonge Street

DANCING
PROF. THOMAS'
Removed to the Young Women's Christian Guild Building
Afternoon and Evening Classes for Children and Adults.

PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR BOYS
Ontario Academy, 47 Phœbe Street
Careful tuition and training for commercial life or the various professions.
Private tuition for students in the evening. Send for prospectus. R. W. DILLON, M.A., Principal.

Walnut, Mahogany Cherry, Birch, Flooring, Shingles, Lath, Lignum-vitæ, Boxwood and Mouldings.
HILLOCK & KENT, Albert Street

TORONTO BUSINESS COLLEGE
Largest, most complete and most practical Business College and Shorthand Institute in Canada. Faculty unsurpassed. Our mode of instruction unequalled. Day and Evening Sessions for Ladies and Gentlemen. Send at once for new circular.
COR. YONGE AND SHUTER STS., TORONTO

J. W. L. FORSTER,
ARTIST | PORTRAITS In Oil and Crayon
STUDIO—KING STREET EAST.

J. FRASER BRYCE
PHOTOGRAPHER
107 KING STREET WEST
PHOTOGRAPHS
Finest Cabinet Photographs $1.50 per Dozen.
ROBINSON & MOORE, 147 YONGE ST.

JOHN P. MILL
Watchmaker and Jeweler
Watches and Wedding Rings a specialty. Special attention to all kinds of Repairing
445½ Yonge Street, opp. College Ave., Toronto.

THE HUB CAFE
And MERCHANTS' LUNCH COUNTER
First-class in every respect. A specialty is the choice butter and the best meats procurable. All the delicacies of the season and prompt attendance. Private dining-room up-stairs. Reading and smoking rooms attached.
12 Colborne St., W. R. BINGHAM, PROP.

- M. McCONNELL -
46 and 48 King Street East.
Commendador Port Wine in cases and bulk. Family trade a specialty. Agent for the celebrated Moet and Chandon "White Seal," George Gourlet and other leading brands of Champagne. Over half a million imported cigars always in stock. Trade supplied at bottom prices.

THE JEWELL RESTAURANT
Jordan Street
HARRY MORGAN - - Proprietor
The Leading Restaurant for Toronto City Merchants.
Game in season always on the bill of fare.
First-class Reading and Smoking Rooms, supplied with all the daily papers.

Grand Opera Sample Room
The choicest lines of WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS. FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT in connection.
D. SMALL, Proprietor.

CONFEDERATION
Life Association
15 Toronto Street

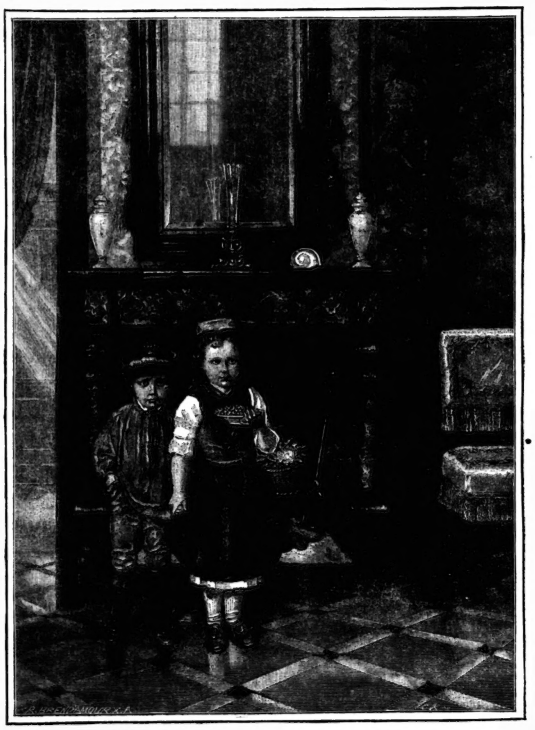
F. H. SEFTON
DENTIST
172 Yonge Street, next door to R. Simpson's Dry Goods Store
OFFICE HOURS—8 A.M. TO 9 P.M.

SPAULDING & CHEESBROUGH
DENTISTS
South East Cor. Queen and Yonge Sts.

TEETH WITH OR WITHOUT A PLATE
Best teeth on Rubber, $5.00. Vitalized air for painless extraction. Telephone 1476
C. H. RIGGS, cor. King and Yonge

C. V. SNELGROVE
DENTAL SURGEON 97 CARLTON ST.
Bridgework, Gold and Porcelain Crowns a specialty.
Tel. No. 3031. Office Hours: from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

MR. HIPKINS
DENTIST
ROOMS, No. 1 COLLEGE AVENUE
(Over Wood's Drug Store, cor. Yonge street.)



LITTLE GRETCHEN'S CHARGE.

- PATENTS -
KELLOND & CO.
Solicitors and Experts
24 King Street East, Toronto, 150 St. James Street, Montreal, Pacific Building, Washington, D. C
Agencies in all Foreign Capitals. Trade Marks, Designs and Copyrights Registered.

Bronze Medal 1884.—GOLD MEDALIST.—Gold Medal 1886

OSTRICH FEATHER DYER
The most reliable place in the City to have Broken and Defective Feathers Re-made into Handsome Feathers, Pompons, Algrettes and Mounts. Feathers Shaded or Dyed in the Late French Styles and Colors.
J. W. A. BUTLER, 59 Bay Street (west side, near Wellington) Toronto.

REMOVAL
THE MISSES PLUMMER
MODISTES
53 Gloucester Street, late 14 Charles Street

DRESSMAKERS' NEW TAILOR SYSTEM OF QUARE MEASUREMENT, (late Prof. Moody's) vaults direct without paper patterns. J. & A. CARTER, Practical Dressmakers and Milliners, 372 Yonge street, Toronto. Agents wanted.

Charles Brown,
Nos. 36 and 38
KING ST. WEST.
Coupes 75c.
Carriages $1
Telephone 123.

The Home Savings & Loan Co. (Limited)
OFFICE No. 72 CHURCH ST., TORONTO.
Deposits received, small and large sums. Interest at highest current rates allowed
HON. FRANK SMITH, President. JAMES MASON, Manager.

NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.
Head Offices 22 to 28 King Street West, Toronto
Issues all approved forms of Life and Endowment Policies and Annuities.
HON. A. MACKENZIE, M.P., Pres.; HON. A. MORRIS and J. L. BLAIKIE, Vice-Presidents; WM. MCCABE, Man'g Director.

LESSONS IN PHRENOLOGY
Examinations, Oral or Written.
MRS. MENDON, 256 McCaul Street.

THOMAS MOFFATT
FINE ORDERED BOOTS AND SHOES
A good fit guaranteed, prices moderate, strictly first-class
195 YONGE STREET, TORONTO
THIRD DOOR NORTH OF ALBERT HALL.

J. W. McADAM
IS SELLING

Ladies' Engedi Kid Button Boots	$1.00
Ladies' Silk-Worked Velvet Slippers	1.00
Ladies' French Heel Slippers	1 00
Gent's Silk-Worked Velvet Slippers	75
Gent's Cordovan Bals or Congress	1.75

THE BIG 88 SHOE STORE
Telephone 1756 88 Queen Street West

RITCHIE, BARRETT & CO.
REAL ESTATE BROKERS
15 YONGE STREET ARCADE
Several mansions and handsome residence properties for sale. Those desiring to make a home in Toronto should communicate with us. Telephone 1352.

G. A. CASE
REAL ESTATE BROKER.
25 Adelaide street East - Toronto.
Money to Loan. TELEPHONE 1482.

Paris Barber Shop
FOR
GENTLEMEN'S FIRST-CLASS WORK
60 King Street East, J. WALTON.

MEDLAND & JONES
Agents Scottish Union, Norwich Union, Accident Insurance.
Telephone No. 1067. Offices—Equity Chambers, cor. Victoria and Adelaide Sts., and 37 Adelaide St. East, TORONTO.

BUSINESS Education is very essential to the success of every young man and young woman. Good book-keepers are constantly in demand by business men.
There is no knowledge more useful than that of Shorthand and Typewriting. A new avenue for female employment that pays. Constantly growing demand for shorthanders.
WRITE for descriptive Circulars, containing full particulars of all branches taught and rates of tuition.
SHORTHAND
Address—CANADIAN BUSINESS UNIVERSITY
PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING, TORONTO
THOS. BENGOUGH, President. C. H. BROOKS, Sec'y & Manager.

JOHN BLAND
108 YONGE STREET
Fine Merchant Tailoring
CHOICE GOODS
RIGHT PRICES
CORRECT STYLES
GENTLEMEN'S FALL STYLES

J. W. Cheeseworth
The King Street Tailor
Has just opened up a magnificent assortment of New Goods for the coming season's trade. Among them will be found everything that a gentleman requires. His stock affords one of the
Largest Assortments in the Dominion
Parties desirous of getting the correct thing in dress should call and see his stock and styles at 106 King street west. Mr. Cheeseworth personally superintends the cutting department.

W. C. MURRAY
FASHIONABLE TAILOR
279 YONGE STREET
FIRST-CLASS FIT AND FINISH TO ALL OUR WORK

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS
WHAT IS BETTER THAN A
GOOD OVERCOAT
Which we are offering this week 10 per cent. off our popular prices?
PLATTS, The Tailor
201 YONGE STREET

FRANK McLAUGHLIN
Fine Tailoring, 319 Yonge Street

A. B. McBRIDE
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR &c.
Room C., 16 Victoria street, Toronto.
Money to loan.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY
The Old and Popular Rail Route to
MONTREAL, DETROIT, CHICAGO
And all Principal Points in
CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES
It is positively the only line from Toronto running the celebrated Pullman's Palace Sleeping, Buffet and Parlor Cars, electric lighted. Speed, safety, civility.
For fares, time tables, tickets and reliable information apply at the city ticket offices.
F. J. SLATTER, City Passenger Agent,
Corner King and Yonge streets and 30 York street, Toronto.
Telephone Nos. 434 and 435.

ANCHOR LINE
ATLANTIC EXPRESS SERVICE
Liverpool via Queenstown
SS. City of Rome Sails from New York September 5 and October 3.

GLASGOW SERVICE
Steamers every Saturday to Glasgow and Londonderry.
For Rates, Plans and all information, apply to
M. D. Murdoch & Co.
AGENTS, 69 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

The Cunard S.S. Line
is patronised by Toronto's
BEST SOCIETY
Noted for Safety, Elegance and Speed
A. F. WEBSTER
Sole Agent 56 Yonge St

Four Good Songs!
BIONDINA, B flat, C and E flat. F. N. Lohr—50c.
Two Children, F, G and A. A. H. Behrend—50c.
The Quaker's Daughter, C, E flat and F. M. Watson—50c.
Watching Alone, B flat, C and D. M. Piccolomini—50c.
EDWIN ASHDOWN
89 Yonge Street, Toronto

McCAUSLAND & SON'S
SUPERIOR
STAINED GLASS AND WALL PAPER
72 TO 76 KING STREET WEST
TORONTO
TELEPHONE - - - 1112

Dominion Stained Glass Co.
77 RICHMOND STREET WEST
Memorial Windows and every description of Church and Domestic Art Glass, including
Wheel-Cut, Sand-Cut, Embossed, Bent Glass and Bevelled Plate
Also new and elegant designs in Bevelled, Engraved and Silvered Plate for mantles.
Designs and estimates on application. Telephone 1479.

JAS. COX & SON
83 Yonge Street
PASTRY COOKS AND CONFECTIONERS
Luncheon and Ice Cream Parlors

A BAD MAN'S SWEETHEART.

BY EDMUND E. SHEPPARD,

Author of "The Farmin' Editor's Sketches," "Dolly," "Widower Jones," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SHADOWS OF COMING EVENTS.

"I feel quite certain about it, Tully. Stillburg & Co., are getting ready to fail and will have to be watched."

"What makes you think so, Grigsby?"

"I got a pointer from a young fellow to whom I was of service once, that they are making away with their assets. Will you have the matter looked into; we are their largest creditors and if there is anything wrong put the sheriff in without the loss of an hour."

"I will see to it, Teddy; good-bye."

"Say, Tully," half whispered Grigsby, as he leaned over the back of a chair, "I want to ask you about another matter, of course this isn't professional you know, but you know the girl so well that I feel sure your opinion will be worth a great deal more than mine."

Tully frowned in anticipation of some disagreeable question. "I am a poor authority on such questions, Grigsby. I haven't had so much luck myself that I can feel at all certain in giving advice to others."

Grigsby laughed awkwardly. "Success with you means a good deal, Tully. You think you are in bad luck if all the girls you know are not in love with you. I would think myself in the greatest luck on earth or in heaven if I could get one girl to like me—"

"And that one, Teddy?"

"You know well enough, Tully, it is Bee McKinley. Have I any show? I have made a laughing stock of myself now so long that I am determined to stop it somehow or other."

"Why of course you have a 'show,' Teddy. I don't see how any woman could refuse you."

"Come, now, none of that, Tully!"

"It is a fact, Teddy. If I had a sister—and I wish to God I had one—I couldn't think of a man I would rather see her married to than you, you great big, good-natured, soft-hearted old baby. I often wonder how you ever got far enough along in business to be able to put a sheriff in anybody's place; but in you business is business, and outside of it you are one of the most gentle creatures God ever made."

"Tut, tut, Tully, don't give me any taffy."

"I am not giving you taffy, Teddy; I am telling you the truth."

"Well, if you are, Steve, I wish it was a truth more generally acknowledged. Socially, I think I am as absurd a figure as there is in the city. I am the errand-boy of the whole McKinley family, and do chores for the rest of the young ladies who want an ice or an escort. None of the girls seem to have the slightest idea I was born for any other use than to take them to the theater when they can't get anybody else or dance with them when the flowers crowd the wall."

"That is because you have always been infatuated with the one girl. If it had not been so serious, or if they had imagined there was any chance for them——"

"But to come back to the question, Tully. Have I any chance to get Bee to marry me? Don't be afraid to tell me the truth, because after all these years I have got used to looking discouragement in the face."

"Teddy," answered Tully, leaning forward and putting his kindly hand on the knee of his companion, "I don't believe that your chances are first-class—in fact, I think you had better give it up."

"I believe you're right, Tully. What you say simply strengthens my own opinion, in fact I have been trying to transfer my attentions to Kitty."

"Well, how did it seem to take?"

"First-rate, and I have an idea she would make a better wife for me than the other one. She is stronger-minded and more strong-hearted last night I put myself in her charge, and didn't make an ass of myself once. She seems to know how to make one do the right thing, and doesn't make fun of me. We had a really splendid time."

"Do you imagine she knows what you mean, Teddy?"

Grigsby blushed. "Oh, I am sure she does. Kit McKinley is smart. I squeezed her hand—don't laugh now, Tully, because I am telling you little details—when I left her, and she looked straight at me and asked if that was intended for her, or if she was to deliver it to Bee."

"What did you say?"

"I said it was for her."

"Then what did she say?"

"She looked straight at me, held out her hand, and when I took it she said, "You are awfully good, Teddy!"

"You are in luck, Grigsby; she will make you an 'awfully' good wife, just the kind, for you, I'm sure."

"Do you think so, Steve? By gad! I feel happy, only I was afraid that after all this time maybe Bee wouldn't like it, but I guess she won't mind."

"No, no, old boy, I don't think she'll mind," answered Tully, with that whole-heartedness and cheerful sympathy which made everyone his friend who confided in him.

Grigsby rose to go, tall, ungainly, yet with a slow smile and dignity which after all outweighed his awkwardness. His was not an unlovely face with his blue eyes, light brown curls and scant mustache.

"Why are Stillburg's lawyers, do you know?" he inquired, the shrewd business look coming back into his face.

"No, I don't know. I'll find out for you though."

After Grigsby had gone Tully went into his partner's office, stated the case and asked, "Do you know who is acting for Stillburg & Co.?"

Killick was writing, and as he looked up his face betrayed no sign of disappointment or intelligence. "In what matter, Tully?"

"In no matter particularly, but Teddy Grigsby tells me that they are secreting their stock and wants the sheriff put in."

"What evidence has he that they are crooked?"

Tully went on to explain, concluding by the suggestion that some one should be sent to Stillburg & Co.'s store to observe the situation.

"I wouldn't take that trouble, Tully. If they look shaky I'll have Dooley make out the papers and have the sheriff in at once; it's a great deal better to take no chances. I didn't know Grigsby was a client of yours."

"He was with our firm when I came into it, but he has very little litigation. Clumsy as he looks he is one of the shrewdest business men in the city and takes very few chances."

"Give Dooley your statement of claim, Tully, and get the thing in shape."

"Grigsby didn't give it to me."

"Then send Dooley after it."

Dooley was sent after it, but somehow didn't reach the wholesale house of Grigsby & Johnson for two hours after he had left the office. Oddly enough, too, he had been watching the office door of Grigsby & Johnson for over an hour, observing those who went in and out, from the window of a saloon nearly opposite. When he called he found Mr. Grigsby and Mr. Johnson and the bookkeeper all out. He left his message in a careless sort of a way, as if it were not pressing, and went back to the office reporting to Mr. Tully that he had been unable to see any of the principals though he had called three times, which was the fact, but the three calls were made within fifteen minutes. When the office was closed that evening the statement of claim had not arrived and the matter was let go till the next day. After a hasty dinner Mr. Killick returned to his office and was closeted with Mr. Theodore Kahn for half an hour.

"Have you everything ready, Kahn?"

"Yes—at least we will have by ten o'clock."

"Stuff all packed up?"

"It will be, but then we darsen't take the stock out of the show-cases before we closed. That gorilla Grigsby has been watching us, and I could have sworn the sheriff would have been in there this afternoon."

"So he would have been if Grigsby hadn't been our client."

"Oh, is that so?" muttered Kahn significantly.

"Yes, that is so, and I only give you to-night to get out of the place. Have a man ready to travel with the trunks, and go yourself by carriage to Hamilton. Tell your brother to stop, but not to open the store in the morning. He can spend till noon making an assignment and then he must skip too. If you haven't brains enough to get your stuff out of sight before he reaches you, it is your own lookout."

"Killick, you are doing the square thing by us," cried Kahn rapturously. "We have had only two weeks, but we won't leave two hundred dollars' worth in the shop."

"Go," said Killick, "and for God's sake never let me see your ugly mug again."

The plan wou'd have worked excellently, but Teddy Grigsby had arranged otherwise. Two hours before the departure of the train he had learned that Theodore Kahn was in the city, and unable to find Tully, he swore out a *capias*, had him arrested, detained the luggage and had both of the brothers in jail before midnight.

Next morning there was great excitement in the office of Killick & Tully. The senior partner was the first to arrive, though he had been out much of the night endeavoring to get bail for Kahn and his brother. Tully came later and was at once sent for and closeted with his partner.

"Why, how in —— could you do it, Killick? You knew we were acting for Grigsby."

"Now don't harp on that, Tully. I was acting for Kahn before you received instructions from Grigsby & Johnson."

"And why the devil didn't you tell me yesterday," demanded Tully, angrily.

"Because I thought it would make no difference as I expected the Kahns would be out of the country before this time," answered Killick, slipping down in his chair and assuming his usual attitude when engaged in deep thought.

"Then you knew that they intended to abscond?"

"Yes, I knew that they intended to change their place of business, but I didn't let it interfere with your plans for protecting Grigsby. Didn't I send Dooley down there to watch around two hours yesterday afternoon?"

"Yes, but with instructions not to find them, I suppose. I don't know how in thunder we are going to fix this thing so as to make it look right. You can't act for the Kahns and I for the prosecution."

"Easy enough my dear boy. I'll say I didn't know you were acting for Grigsby & Johnson and you will say you didn't know I was acting for Stillburg & Co., and in that way neither of us will be to blame. Grigsby will have to go to somebody else."

"Indeed he won't. He is an old client of ours, my personal friend, and so intimate with me socially that it would be impossible to throw him overboard for the sake of a couple of thieving Jews who perhaps will spend the next five years of their life in jail."

"I tell you, Tully, that you can't act for Grigsby. There are reasons which are none the less strong because that I do not divulge them, why we cannot be with the prosecution in this affair. The easiest way is for us to refuse both clients under the circumstances and occupy a neutral position. Grigsby will come back to you with his next case."

Tully bit his mustache viciously as he stood with his hands deep in his trowsers pockets, glaring at the ugly face which at that moment was upturned towards the ceiling, as expressionless as the crack in the plaster which the old man seemed so fond of studying. "I suppose," said Tully, "this man Kahn had some hold on you. The exceedingly odd manner in which he stole his papers from your vault is still fresh in public memory and it would have been in better taste if you had made yourself less prominent in trying to obtain bail for him last night, particularly when you knew that you were acting against our own clients."

"If I knew that, Tully, it doesn't follow that other people know it. Be good enough to make no reference to our conversation. I have a good excuse for getting rid of Stillburg & Co., and of relieving you of the prosecution. Have sense enough to know that I wouldn't do it without reason. Retain, too, in your brilliant mind the fact that I don't propose to be taught my business by you."

"Nor I to receive any impertinence from you."

"Come now, Tully, get off your high horse. Since you have been with me you have made more mistakes than any partner or clerk I ever had. In investigating that Moore title, I find that you passed over an important point which would have cost us Miss Browning's money an absolute loss to your client."

"What's that you say?" cried Tully, starting forward and grasping his partner roughly by the shoulder.

Killick straightened himself up in his chair, turned his dull, meaty eyes on the excited man before him and continued with a significant tightening of his coarse lips: "I say that you, by your carelessness, have lost your client thirty thousand dollars. Perhaps Moore doesn't know the circumstances, and I may help you to realize on it, but I don't want any of your pretensions airs around me. Go back to your office and do as I tell you."

As he concluded, Killick rose from his chair, shook Tully's hand from his shoulder and grasped the knob of the door, as if to open it for the exit. Tully was as white as a ghost. Big drops of perspiration stood on his forehead as he asked unsteadily: "Killick, is this the truth, or are you trying to frighten me?"

The old man, leaning towards him, whispered: "It is the truth, Stephen Tully, and another little section of the truth may be of use to you—that you are entirely in my power and must do as I say!"

Killick led the way towards Tully's room, stopping at Cora Burnham's desk to speak to Dooley, who was checking some accounts. With a lack of caution, foreign to the astute old lawyer, Killick began to explain to his senior clerk—with the idea of convincing Tully of the truth of what he had told him—that there was something wrong with the Moore title, and the matter had better be looked into. Dooley asked a few questions in reply.

"If the memorial in the registry office doesn't contain the facts of the deed, where is the deed itself?"

Tully had left them and entered his room. Killick with a leer pointed with his thumb over his shoulder towards his vault.

Cora heard all this, saw the motion made with the big fat thumb and, remembering what her father had said, turned her face away lest her flushed cheeks might betray the fact that she had been an eager listener. At lunch time she repeated the story, and her father listened with rapt attention.

"Watch everything, Cora!" he exclaimed. "I'll have this thing looked into. Find out where he keeps the will, and get to see it."

"That is useless, father. I haven't the keys of his vaults, and they are never out of his own hand."

"But, girl, you must get them—a fortune may depend on it. Have you no influence with the old scoundrel?" demanded her father, giving her a look which made her cast down her eyes in shame.

"I might have," she answered, "if—if—if I chose."

"Then, Cora, you must choose. There need be nothing wrong, but you must lend yourself to whatever plan I devise for getting a look at that will—and lose no time, Cora. If you get a chance, use it, but if he asks for an appointment—the aristocratic and soldierly looking old man leaned across the corner of the table as he spoke—"grant it, grant it, but it must be in his office. I will attend to the rest."

Cora's flaming face, the trembling hands and shamed look of the mother were a silent protest against the suggestion, but Ralph Moore paid no attention; he was acquainted with neither shame nor scruple.

An opportunity occurred that afternoon for Cora to enter Mr. Killick's office. A heavy safe had been moved, and its weight had so depressed the floor that the lock no longer fastened the door on which the legend "Engaged," intimated that no trespassers were allowed. The door stood ajar, and though Cora knew that Theodore Kahn who was out on bail was closeted with Mr. Killick, as she knocked no voices could be heard. As she stood waiting for a response a draught from the outer entrance swung the private door still further open, and she felt emboldened to look in. The vault door stood ajar, and she caught a glimpse of the inner room, and then she could hear the low murmur of voices inside. Drawing the door as nearly shut as she could, she rapped loudly, and at length Mr. Killick responded. When he saw the door unlocked he demanded angrily how she entered. Something in her eye arrested his further speech. She entered the room and with the simple apology:

"In moving the safe across the room its weight when it now stands made your lock so that it doesn't fasten, I knew you were engaged, and fearing that someone might intrude I simply wanted to call your attention to it."

"Cora," he said gratefully, "you are a smart girl and a trusty one. If I weren't such an old man I would give you a kiss."

She did not flinch from him as usual, and when he put his warty hand under her chin, he succeeded in touching her smooth cheek with his repulsive lips. Cora shuddered, but with as much dignity as possible opened the door and returned to her desk.

(To be Continued.)

Bold Robin Hood of Old.

To the reign of Henry II belongs the life of our popular English ballad hero, Robin Hood, who was born at Locksley, in the county of Nottingham, about the year 1160. He was of noble birth, and his true name was Robert Fitzooth, said to have been corrupted into Robin Hood. Some German critics treat him as a nature myth, and find in the same Robin a form of Woden. For an Saxon Robert, He may have had, in the latter part of his life, at least, some right to his reputed dignity of Earl of Huntington. Forfeiture of his inheritance, either by reason of the wildness of his youth or of injustice done, sent him to the old refuge of patriotic outlaws in the years following the Conquest—to the woods, where in days of cruel and oppressive forest law, men ate the king's game for their daily meat. His chief companions were Little John, whose surname is said to have been Nailor; William Scadlock, Scathlock or Scarlet; George a Green, the jolly miller, Maudlin of Much, a miller's son; Friar Tuck and Robin's sweetheart, the Maid Marian. He gathered a company of one hundred stout archers, and ballad tradition always held that if he saw any stout fellow whom he desired for comrade he fought him, took a cudgeling from him and enlisted him after he had made proof of his strength. His forest domain was usually at Barnsdale, in Yorkshire, or in Sherwood Forest, some say also at Plompton Park in Cumberland. He took only from the rich, and fed the poor with the plunder of the abbots, thus taking his own way of expressing popular resentment against the rapine of the flying calves and eagles figured in Walter Map's Apocalypse of Golias. Said Robin Hood, according to the ballads, to the people:

These bishoppes and these archbishoppes
Ye shall them bete and bynde,

and he loathed especially the Abbot of St. Mary's York. English tradition at a late period Robin Hood as in the rough way of a rough time a religious outlaw. Friar Tuck was added to his company, that he might not neglect the duties of religion; and there is a story told by Scottish Fordun in the fourteenth century—current, therefore, not long after Robin Hood's death, if not in his lifetime, and a part of the very earliest Robin Hood literature—that, being surprised by the sheriff and his company in the thicket where he and his men were at mass, the greater number of Robin's men immediately fled; but he himself, with a very few, devoutly awaited the completion of the service at the altar, which, by dint, they thrashed and spoiled the whole troop of King's officers. Again, the oldest of the Robin Hood ballads marks strongly the religious element in the character of the English popular outlaw:

A good maner thus had Robon,
In bads where that he were,
Every daye or he woulde dyne
Three masses sayd he here.

Robyn loved our dere Lady
For doute of dedely synne;
Wolde he never do company harme
That any woman was yinne.

The knights themselves had not a better spirit of chivalry than this, through which the poetry of the people expressed what their priests had been active in teaching them, of humanity to the Virgin, their especial saint, type of God's love which mediæval dogmas turned so much to wrath that love required a separate embodiment.

Bull and Python.

Recently one of the most remarkable scenes on record was reported as having been witnessed in the vicinity of Table Mountain. A troop of cattle, consisting of twelve cows and a patriarchal old bull, were grazing on one of the plateau-like spurs of the mountain, which is surrounded on three sides by precipitous ravines, and on the fourth side, that nearest the mountain, by dense bush. Some natives higher up the mountain were attracted by the sudden bellowing of the cattle, and saw two enormous pythons coming out of the bush and making for the cattle, which had drawn themselves up in a compact group with the bull at its head. As the pythons drew near the animals gradually backed till they stood on a small space that jutted out over a tremendous precipice.

At this stage a sudden rush was made, but only one heifer succeeded in escaping. The other cattle, bellowing most piteously, gradually backed, and one by one fell over the precipice till finally the bull only was left. He suddenly charged at the big python, transfixing the reptile on his horns, but the second snake seized the bull in its folds and, having its tail around a huge boulder, commenced to crush the bull, which, moaning piteously, struggled frantically to escape. The tail of the python lost its hold of the rock, but the larger snake, which had slipped off the horn, lapping its tail around a small boulder opposite the one the other snake had just released, seized the bull and compressed the animal in its scaly fold. The other python succeeded in regaining its former position, and the bull was literally suspended in mid air by the snake.

The who'e scene looked like some ghastly triumphal march. The snakes were evidently getting the best of the poor brute, which was bleeding profusely, when, by a sudden effort, his struggles forced both reptiles to lose their hold of the rocks, and the whole three were hurled into the ravine beneath.

The cattle were found on the first ledge of the precipice, all being dead, but the bull and the pythons had bounded from ledge to ledge, and were found 400 feet below the scene of the fight. The bull was merely a mangled mass, and the snakes were greatly mutilated, the larger one having the vertebræ broken in nine places. The pythons, which were of the rock species, male and female, measured respectively 40 feet 3 inches and 35 feet 9½ inches.

We All Make Mistakes.

Victor Hugo had quite a mania for using pretty or high-sounding phrases. It was his fate, as it is that of all other literary celebrities to receive shoals of poems and plays for criticism, or dedicated to himself, and his replies to the senders were often couched in the most exaggerated and often absurd terms. A bald-headed nonentity of Roubaix, sixty-five years old, sent him a poetical epistle, and was paralyzed with this reply:

"I see your image reflected in your lines; every one of your thoughts sprang from a head covered with light-haired locks. Oh! my child, long may you preserve those fair locks which the shears of old age have not yet touched!"

A Friend in Need.

Osculation.

Indignation.

Separation.

Reconciliation.

Quite Natural.

It is said that great talkers are not as liable to insanity as other people. Naturally enough those who have to listen are the ones who go crazy.

A Nosegay.

Moritz Saphir, the witty Austrian journalist, was once standing in a crowded theater. Someone leaned on his back, thrusting his head over his shoulders. Saphir drew out his handkerchief and wrung the man's nose violently. The latter started back. "Oh, I beg your pardon," said Saphir; "I thought it was mine."

Very Rank.

"Mother," said a little girl, who was engaged in making an apron for her doll, "I believe I shall be a duchess when I grow up."

"How do you expect to become a duchess, my daughter?"

"Why, by marrying a Dutchmas, to be sure," replied the little girl.

Just the Horse for a Sleigh Ride.

"You seem to be very fond of my horse, Mabel," said Jack Softley, as he watched his heart's idol feeding the noble animal with lumps of sugar.

"Why shouldn't I be?" she returned. "The dear old fellow needs only one hand to drive him."

The Traveler's Christmas.

"The drummer's life is not what it's cracked up to be," remarked Samplecase. "What do you suppose I made my Christmas dinner on this year?"

"Couldn't guess," replied his friend.

"On wheels."

He Saw It.

"If you want a meal you must saw the wood," said the housewife to the tramp.

"Sartin, ma'am," was the answer. When the meal was ready he ate heartily, and was just getting through the gate when the good woman called after him:

"Here, you, come back! You promised to saw that wood."

"Yesum, but I went right out an' saw it. I never goes back on a bargain."

40 years' record of honorable dealing

40 years before an intelligent public

40 years' loyalty to our patrons

40 years of liberal and equitable methods

40 years manufacturers and dealers

SPEAK STRONGER TO YOU THAN ANY WORDS OF OURS

R. S. Williams & Son

143 Yonge Street, Toronto

TELEPHONE 1504

D. GRANT & Co.

167 Yonge Street

Have opened to-day a fresh shipment of desirable dress goods. Splendid qualities and colorings. These are

First Class Goods

and scarce in the market.

New Mantles and Mantle Cloths

Direct Importations. Unsurpassed value. A large invoice of

CHILDRENS' MANTLES AND ULSTERS

Good patterns. Selling very cheap.

D. GRANT & CO., 167 Yonge St.

SOCIETY REGALIAS

Fancy Ball Costumes

Art Needle Work and Supplies

Together with every description of Fancy-Work Goods, Stamping, etc.

Gold & Silver Finger Laces, Cords, Tassels, etc.

AT

W. C. MORRISON'S

161 King Street West

THE CHARLES ROGERS AND SONS CO.

95 and 97 Yonge St. Toronto.

The Leading House for Fine Furniture

THE

LATEST DESIGNS

IN BEST WORKMANSHIP.

LOWEST PRICES

Comparison Solicited---No Trouble to Show Goods.

THE CHARLES ROGERS & SONS CO.

95 and 97 Yonge St., Toronto.

XMAS 1888

Now arriving for holiday trade new designs in

Plush, Toilet and Fancy Boxes

Leather Dressing and Jewelry Cases, Desks, Stationery Cases, Writing Pads, Cuffs and Collar Boxes, Hair, Cloth and Hat Brushes, Combs, Etc., also a stock of Fancy Baskets and Christmas Hampers.

PRICES RIGHT!

Call and Inspect our Stock

H. E. CLARKE & Co

TRUNK AND BAG MANUFACTURERS

105 KING STREET WEST

15 King St. West

FURS AT WHOLESALE COST

Seal Mantles $100 to $200

40 to 54 inches long, guaranteed best London dye.

PERFECT FIT AND STYLE

SEAL JACKETS

$50, $75 and $90.

Bear and Lynx Boas and Muffs, Caps, Capes Gauntlets, etc.

At Wholesale Cost

Best Value in Canada

WE MUST SELL

BASTEDO & CO.

FACTORY 54 YONGE STREET

"The Way to Arcady."

"'Oh, what's the way to Arcady, to Arcady, to Arcady?
Oh, what's the way to Arcady, where all the leaves are merry?'"

So sang Harry Arden, in a full rich tenor voice, until he was suddenly interrupted in his jovial lay by the reproachful query——

"Harry, are you ever going to do any good in this world?"

"My dear Jennie, why should I, when doing no harm is so much more enjoyable? Sit down here and listen to these charming verses—

"'Oh, what's the way to —'"

"Ruin, misery and misfortune, Harry—that's the way you are going! Oh, cousin, cannot I or any one rouse you to a sense of your situation? You father may die at any moment; and then what is to become of your mother?"

"And you, Jennie—I must take care of you;" and Harry Arden raised himself lazily from the grass where he had been lying under the apple-tree, and looked at Jennie Melville tenderly. "When the worst comes, dear, you may rely on me. Meanwhile, what is the use of worrying? Do let us be happy while we can!"

"Happy!" cried Jennie Melville indignantly. "How can you talk or even think of happiness, with Sir Arthur dangerously ill, Lady Arden helpless, or worse, and those dreadful men in possession of everything?"

"Why not, cousin? Since I can't have the real thing, let me enjoy the ideal. Father is no worse now than he was five years ago; and, even if he were, my being miserable would not make him better. The dear little mother never troubles herself about anything, and she likes to see me cheerful and happy. For the rest, matters are just as they always have been; yet, you see, we have managed to pull through somehow."

"But those dreadful men, Harry!"

"Oh, I've telegraphed for Montagu—he'll make that all right! We've had his bailiffs at Arden Hall before now, my dear; and they seem to like it too, by Jove! They find the way to Arcady through the beer cellar and the servants' hall. Don't worry any more, Jennie, but just sit down and let me read to you. It will be quite enough for you to take all the troubles of our rather distressful house on your shoulders when you are its mistress."

"That I shall never be, Harry!" said Jennie Melville gravely. "When we became engaged a year ago, you promised me you would rouse yourself and try to do something to free the estate from its load of encumbrances and preserve the dear old home for your mother; you said you would put your shoulder manfully to the wheel and build up the fallen fortunes of the family—work for freedom and honest independence. And what have you done? Nothing, nothing!"—and Jennie's eyes gleamed with scorn and contempt. "You have failed miserably; and I have come this morning to tell you that I consider our engagement at an end—quite at an end! I am ashamed of you, Harry!"

"And I am proud of you!" returned Harry, looking up with lazy admiration at the fair flushed, troubled face. "But, at the same time, dear, I think you are a little unjust. I have been working this summer like a galley-slave. There is my volume of Lyrics for an Old Lute almost finished; three acts of my drama are finished, and all the sketches for my great picture complete, except the Maid of Orleans herself. Now I wish you would change your mind, and sit, or rather stand, to me for Joan, Jennie—I could get on with the thing then."

"'Heaven comfort your capacity!'" Jennie quoted, with a sarcastic smile. "A pretty maid of Orleans I should make, truly! Besides, you can get your Joan where you get the rest of your models. I have no ambition to be seen in such company. More than that, I am perfectly certain the picture will never bring you as much as you've paid already for the canvas and colors, not to mention the models. If you would stick to your workshop, and make frames for other people's pictures instead of trying to paint, you would do much better at least, that is my opinion. You had far better be a good carpenter than a bad painter!"

"Thanks, my radical little cousin," replies Harry, with lazy good humor; "but the way to Arcady is not through chips and shavings. I pity, but I can hardly blame you for having no artistic taste. Still you admire my poetry!"

"The word is full of poetry. What it wants nowadays is work—real, earnest, useful work. The world has money, honor, and fame to give in return—peace and happiness too, Harry. Are they not worth trying for?" cried Jennie earnestly.

"Certainly, dear; but one need not dig for them—one need not plough and sow and reap. You would have me travel a stony path to Arcady, Jennie mine!"

"All paths are stony to him who has not

"'Bound for sandals on his feet
Knowledge and patience.'

You have neither, Harry; and I do not envy you the Arcady to which your 'primrose path of dalliance' will lead. What is the use of your reams of verse and yards of painted canvas? No one will read your poetry or buy your pictures. But I have said too much, for all has been said in vain; and I may as well complete what I came out to say—that I am about to leave the Hall."

"Leave the Hall! What do you mean, Jennie?" cried Harry, in a most unusual tone of excitement. "Where are you going?"

"To London."

"And what on earth are you going to do there! You have no friends or acquaintances!"

"I'm going to find 'the way to Arcady,'" replied Jennie, with some approach to her old bright smile. "Let us see who will find it first, cousin—you in the sylvan shades of Arden, letting the moments pass, dawdling in the shade and basking in the sunshine, or I in the crowded streets of London, learning to labor—and perhaps to wait," she added more sadly. "Anyhow, it's good-bye, Harry—all is over between us; for of course you know I cannot stay on here now, with uncle so ill and everything going to ruin."

"You egotistical little thing! Just as if you could make any difference one way or another!"—and Harry Arden laughed heartily as Jennie Melville turned away with a gesture of impatience and walked swiftly towards the house. The girl was desperately in earnest, and did not like being laughed at; but she fully realised that Harry's good-humored raillery made the step she was about to take all the easier.

Jennie was an orphan. Her mother had been Sir Arthur's only sister, and had married a Scotchman, who lost all his fortune in an unlucky speculation. The pecuniary troubles that followed killed him, and his wife did not long survive; so Jennie found a home with her uncle at Arden Hall. She was twelve years old when she first came there, and for ten years she had lived in the quaint ruined old mansion, uncared for, untaught, doing as she pleased without let or hindrance—for Sir Arthur was a real invalid, and Lady Arden an imaginary one. The old housekeeper was the girl's only friend and companion. Teacher she had none; and yet Jennie Melville had managed to acquire a considerable amount of information on a great variety of subjects. She read the *Times* when it came from Sir Arthur's room, and other newspapers when Freeman, the butler, had done with them. She studied Wealth of Nations, and had the politics of the day by heart; she was also a good cook, for much of her time was spent in the kitchen, and she was naturally receptive. She made her own dresses and her aunt's caps, looked after the conservatory and "lent a hand" generally all over the house wherever she was wanted. Always merry and healthy, and never fancying she was in the least neglected, she went on cheerily for five years. Then her cousin Harry, Sir Arthur's only son, came home from Oxford for some unexplained reason; and finding time hanging rather heavily on his hands, he gave lessons to his young cousin. The pupil soon got beyond her instructor, for Harry's powers were not of a very high order, and his teaching consisted chiefly of reading his own poetical effusions or making fine-sounding speeches on art and culture. Jennie, however, read and thought, and soon discovered her cousin's shallowness. She learned how utterly superficial were his accomplishments, how contemptible was his want of purpose, and told him so, more plainly than politely perhaps. But he only laughed good-naturedly, and declared he rather liked her little outbursts of temper.

As a matter of course, Harry fell in love with his cousin, for he could not do it without being in love with some one; and, after much reflection, Jennie consented to be his wife conditionally. So they became engaged on her twenty-first birthday, with Sir Arthur's consent and blessing, and Lady Arden's mild approval. Both the Squire and his wife knew that Jennie was just the girl for the indolent, easy-tempered Harry, because she was so firm, so earnest, so self-reliant, and had so much common sense. She had no money, certainly; but then she had birth, brains, and beauty, and the Ardens had always been an unmercenary family.

The conditions imposed upon Harry were not very hard; but he had failed to fulfil them; and so, on the eve of her twenty-second birthday, Jennie broke off her engagement, bade him good-bye, and resolved to leave the Hall forever. She could do no good by staying, and her absence would not be missed. Matters would take their course, and, when the inevitable end came, there would be one less to be looked after.

Harry, lying under the apple-tree, laughed again at the idea of Jennie's going anywhere or doing anything except what he wished; and it was not till a little note was brought to him the next morning, before he was out of bed, that he realized she was in earnest. In her note she merely said, "Good-bye—I am off by the 9.15 train." Glancing at his watch, Harry saw that it wanted but a quarter to eleven; and, for the first time in his life, he felt a sense of shame at his own indolence.

"I must follow her at once!" he said to himself, with unusual energy; and then he remembered that he could not go to town that day, as Mr. Montagu, the family lawyer, was coming down; besides, he had not the remotest idea whither Jennie was gone, and, without some clue, seeking for her in London would be futile. The only person who could have given him any definite information was the old housekeeper; but her lips were sealed by a promise to Jennie not to give her address to any one without express permission.

Five years passed by, and Jennie Melville stood by the window of a little sitting-room in a London lodging-house, looking out at the muddy streets and drizzling rain. She was not by any means a pleasant afternoon to venture out of doors, and the tiny sitting-room looked particularly cosy with its cheery fire and dainty tea-table. Jennie herself was quite in keeping with her surroundings—she was bright, cheery, healthy-looking. The girl was a trifle less slender perhaps, and with a more sedate expression on her face, but otherwise unaltered since she left Arden Hall five years before. She wore a dress of some soft black material, with linen collars and cuffs; her curly dark hair was closely coiled at the back of her head, but no art could conceal its rippling waves in the front; her hands were soft and white; her only ornament was a heavy gold chain which had been her her's.

"Not beautiful, but trustworthy," she said, glancing at her old fashioned watch. "Ten minutes more and I must be off. I wonder if cousin Harry has found the way to Arcady yet. What would he say if he knew of my occupation? It's worse even than chips and shavings; but it pays"—and Jennie glanced round her pretty room with almost childish delight. "It seems so funny to think that all this is mine, and that I have money in the savings-bank, and could drive in a hansom cab instead of trudging through the streets if I liked, and live in Bayswater instead of Bloomsbury, and that I've done it all myself, every bit. I'm happier a thousand times than if I were Lady Arden, idle, useless, and in perpetual difficulties;" and she took up a neat visiting-card and read aloud—"'Miss Melville, Instructor in Cookery.' It doesn't sound very imposing, certainly; but it is useful and profitable. It was certainly a happy inspiration of mine!"

Then she took up a large white apron and a pair of white sleeves from a drawer, placed them with a neatly written menu in a basket, donned a waterproof, and, with a final glance round to see that everything was in order, went out, locking the door, and hurried off to give a lesson in cookery to a young lady living in Cavendish square.

When Jennie left her home at Arden Hall, she had not quite decided what she should do, and until her plans were formed she lodged with the sister of the old housekeeper at the hall, who had been a cook, and went out sometimes to assist at great dinners. It was a chance remark of this good woman's—that ladies never knew how to set their own cooks right, or help them if they were in difficulty—that caused Jennie to think, and the result was that she spent six months with Mrs. Batters, learning cookery in all its details and reading every book she could find on the subject.

Then she wrote to a lady who was well known for her readiness to assist all women in helping themselves, and explained her project; and the result was more satisfactory than she had dared to hope. The lady not only approved of the plan, but became a pupil herself, and learned, for the first time in her life, how properly to boil a potato and cook a mutton-chop.

Altogether Jennie had done very well; her work was not very hard, and her heart was wholly in it; almost every working hour was fully occupied, and scarcely a day passed without a new pupil being added to her list. More than once she was advised to start a class, as it would be a saving of time and trouble; but she s' eadily refused, believing that individual training was the great secret of her success.

Shortly after Jennie had left the Hall, Sir Arthur Arden died, and she learned from the old housekeeper that matters were even worse than she imagined; everything was sold, and Lady Arden, who had a bare pittance to live upon, went abroad. What became of her cousin Harry she never heard; she never saw his name in the newspapers or magazines, and never heard him spoken of by any of the ladies whom she went among. Professor Melville was not always cooking, and she condescended to chat a little on social matters with her fair pupils occasionally. In the course of her work she had made friends with many literary people, but none of them seemed to know anything of Sir Henry Arden.

"I wonder if he has found the way to Arcady, poor fellow!" Jennie repeated, as she hurried along. "How he would despise my poor prosaic path! And yet it's comfortable enough. Poor Harry!"

Five minutes later she was in a large kitchen, with two slender fair-haired girls in bib-aprons and linen sleeves at her side, instructing them in the mystery of making and tossing pancakes—for it was Shrove Tuesday. Suddenly there was a loud scream from one of the girls, who, in passing the fire, had touched the bars with her dress and in a moment was enveloped in flames. She was rushing from the kitchen screaming wildly when Jennie seized her, threw her on to the floor, and covered her with the heavy kitchen hearthrug. The flames were out in a very few moments, and the girl, though terribly frightened, was not seriously injured.

The cook sent for a doctor while Jennie examined the burns. They were not serious, only a few which vaseline and cotton-wool would soon set all right. Jennie herself however was not so fortunate, for she was badly burned about the face, neck, hands, and one of her arms. She scarcely seemed to notice her injuries till she was convinced that her pupil was out of all danger. Then she proceeded in a very business-like way to dress the burns on her own hands and arms.

Just as Jennie was tying up one arm, the doctor entered the kitchen. For one moment she stared at him almost incredulously, then held out her blistered hands.

"Did you—cousin Harry!" she cried.

"Jennie!" he gasped, in astonishment; and the next moment he had her in his arms and was kissing her. "But how is this?" he inquired. "I heard Miss Leslie had met with an accident, and, as Doctor Wilson was out, I came at once, and I find it is my long-lost Jennie!"

"No, no—I am not the real patient; there she is;" and Jennie explained how the accident happened, making light of her own injuries. "But what do you know about burns, Harry?" she cried suddenly. "You are not a doctor."

"Yes, I am—fully qualified assistant—with a view to partnership—to the great Doctor Wilson," he replied, with a droll smile. "And you, Jennie?"

"Am Miss Melville, Instructor in Cookery," she said, with a curtsey."

"Well, well! So this is how we have found the way to Arcady!"

Six months later, when the partnership was an accomplished fact and Jennie Melville became Lady Arden, they both agreed that it was not such a bad way after all.

The Sleepless Eye.

A gentleman with a glass eye, on his arrival in India, engaged a numerous staff of servants, and, among the rest, one whose duty was to fan his master during the night. These fanners pursue their avocation in a very perfunctory fashion, as may be readily guessed, and cease their labors the moment the master has dropped off to sleep. The new comer was aware of the fact, and was not a little amused as he overheard the conversation of a group of these men who were relating their experience of the previous night. His own servant remarked:

"Oh! oh! my master is a sly fox! When he goes to bed he takes out one of his eyes and lays it on a table to watch me; it never goes to sleep, and I am obliged to keep on working the punkah all through the night, till the other eye awakes."

Called Back.

"Yes," said he, "life is so lonely."

"It is lonely, sometimes," she answered.

"Wouldn't it be sweet to have a little cottage covered with ivy and honeysuckle and roses?"

"Oh, wouldn't it!"

"And when a fellow comes home tired from business to have a nice little wife meet him at the door with a kiss."

"Yes—"

"And then the summer nights, the windows open, the sunset just giving light enough in the cosy parlor, and—you—I mean a wife at the piano, singing in the gloaming. It would be lovely."

"I—think—it—would—be—nice."

"And then—"

At this point a careworn woman came round the corner with a pair of twins in a perambulator. A dead silence fell upon the air for a little. Then they changed the subject.

A Sparkler.

Alf—Is Old Soak brilliant in conversation?

Jack—Think not. He glared at me for two hours in a bar-room yesterday, and his only remark was wow!!!

Little Bill's Facial Weakness.

The household of the German emperor is hereafter to have no servant who wears a mustache. Even some of the women of the establishment will be subjected to pinking under the nose. His majesty doesn't mean that anybody, if he can help it, shall have a mustache larger than the pretty little mustache he wears himself. If heaven or Santa Claus might give him a larger allowance of the adornment this order would be recalled; but that is too much to expect.

Correct Vintage or None.

Bobby (to sister)—Give me a sweet kiss.

Sister—Certainly, darling. (Kisses him.)

Bobby—Oh, not that kind; give me a rouser, like the one you gave young Smith; roll your eyes up and say, "Oh, don't!"

Eggsactly.

She—Here is a queer name for a man.

He—What is it?

She—Mr. Hen. He's one of the members who attended the religious convention.

He—He's probably a lay delegate.

A Capital Likeness.

Photographer—Your son, the student, had half a-dozen photos taken a long time ago. Here is a proof I happen to have by me; a capital likeness, don't you think? but the young gentleman hasn't paid for them yet, I am sorry to say.

Father—H'm . . . that's a good deal more like him.

After the Escape.

Officer—Hi, there! What happened yez?

Philanthropist—I've just been the Santa Claus down at the newsboys' reading-room. Will you please ring for an ambulance?

A Physical Impossibility.

Young Charlie Gunther—Jack, she just rejected me, and I actually think she is laughing in her sleeve at me.

Jack—Oh, she cawnt do that, deah boy. Her dwess is sleeveless, don'tcherknow!—*Judge.*

HAPPY NEW YEAR

TO ONE AND ALL

And we take this opportunity of publicly thanking you for your patronage. Last Wednesday January 2 commenced

Our Great Stock-Taking Sale, for One Month Only

Our European buyer, being now on his way die the Old World's markets to purchase a large spring stock. We must now clear rapidly all the surplus fall stock of Clothing, Dry Goods, Mantles, Fans, Millinery, Carpets, Drapery and Holiday Goods. In all these departments goods have been marked down 20 to 50 per cent., but no matter how low they have been reduced all will now be subjected to a

TEN PER CENT. DISCOUNT FOR SPOT CASH

NOTE THE CHANCES--Ten per cent. cash discount on all reduced goods.

R. WALKER & SONS, King Street East

FINE TAILORING

PERFECT-FITTING

OVERCOATS

In Naps, Meltons, Beavers and Ulsters With Capes.

STYLE, QUALITY & WORKMANSHIP

A Choice Selection of English and Scotch Tweeds and Fine Worsteds. Cannot be surpassed in this city.

J. Pittman & Co.

MERCHANT TAILORS

113 King St. West, Toronto

B. SPAIN'S

TEMPLE OF FASHION

455 Queen Street West

We are clearing out a line of OVERCOATS at $15, the cheapest in the city. Made to order and got up in first-class style, a fit guaranteed.

455 QUEEN ST. WEST.

NEW BOOKS

THE ROGUE—By W. E. Norris

A FLIGHT TO FRANCE—By Jules Verne

A WITCH OF THE HILLS—By Florence Warden

Canadian Copyright Editions, 30c. Each

FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS

THE TORONTO NEWS COMPANY

PUBLISHERS' AGENTS

REMINGTON STANDARD TYPEWRITER

Its Durability and ease of manipulation are admitted. Recent speed tests have proven it to be the fastest writing machine in the world. If interested, send for full report

GEO. BENGOUGH. 36 King Street East

ALEXANDER & CABLE

LITHOGRAPHERS & ENGRAVERS

MAIL BUILDING TORONTO

SPECIALTY OF FINE WORK IN Invitations, Wedding and Visiting Cards

PLATE ENGRAVING AND PRINTING

New Remedy FOR Chapped Hands

Alaska Cream

IT DRIES INSTANTLY

IT WHITENS THE SKIN

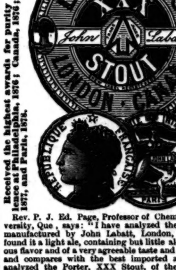
PRICE, 25 CENTS

MADE BY Stuart W. Johnston, Toronto

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS

JOHN LABATT, London, Ont.

JAMES GOOD & CO., SOLE AGENTS, TORONTO.



Received the highest awards for purity and excellence at Philadelphia, 1876; Canada, 1876; Australia, 1877; and Paris, 1878.

Rev. P. J. Ed. Page, Professor of Chemistry, Laval University, Que., says: "I have analyzed the India Pale Ale manufactured by John Labatt, London, Ont., and have found it a light ale, containing but little alcohol, of a delicious flavor and of a very agreeable taste and superior quality, and compares with the best imported ales. I have also analyzed the Porter, XXX Stout, of the same Brewery, which is of an excellent quality; its flavor is very agreeable it is a tonic more energetic than the above ale, for it is little richer in alcohol, and can be compared advantageously with any imported article."

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

EDMUND E. SHEPPARD, - - Editor.

SATURDAY NIGHT is a twelve-page, handsomely illustrated paper, published weekly and devoted to its readers.

Office, 9 Adelaide Street West, Toronto.

TELEPHONE No. 1709.

Subscriptions will be received on the following terms:

One Year	$2 00
Six Months	1 00
Three Months	50

No subscription taken for less than three months.

Advertising rates made known on application at the business office.

THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED), Proprietors

VOL. III] TORONTO, JAN. 5, 1889. [No. 6

Saturday Night for 1889.

Trusting that the new year has opened happily for all the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT, we desire to say a word concerning what we intend to offer you during 1889.

The first feature, beginning next Saturday, will be Miss Braddon's new story, "The Day Will Come," the illustrations of which will surpass those of any other serial ever published in Canada.

On the return of our manager from New York the week after next the departments of the paper will be thoroughly reorganized, and new and interesting features added. It is the intention of the publishers to have every department edited by specialists in the lightest vein consistent with the style of a first-class family paper.

While congratulating ourselves on the success of the social department it will be our aim to make it still more attractive, and it having been demonstrated by the course of this journal in the past that there is no intention in our society columns of reflecting the work of a Paul Pry, or publishing anything objectionable to the most punctilious reader, we earnestly invite those interested in social affairs to assist us in making it a complete record of the events of the season and the movements of those in whom the readers of this paper are mutually interested. It often makes the stay of a guest much more pleasant when his or her coming is announced to the friends who would be delighted to call. It also saves disappointments and trouble when those leaving the city for a time have it announced. That social events will be recorded is an acknowledged fact and when those interested directly convey us the information we are certain thus not to make mistakes. Toronto is becoming a large city, and we are within the truth in asserting that SATURDAY NIGHT has proved of great social value and in the changed circumstances has almost become a necessity.

Those having illustrations of local interest, sketches and pictures which they would like to have reproduced, would do us a favor by sending them to us. They will be carefully preserved and returned. In beginning this new year we ask your co-operation in making SATURDAY NIGHT a paper of which Toronto may well be proud.

The Past Year.

In reviewing the past year from a particularly Canadian standpoint there is nothing in the page of history which has just been turned over for regret, while there is much for congratulation.

We have lost a few prominent men. Senator Ferrier, Hon. Thomas White, Sir John Rose, Archbishop Lynch, and from the sparse field of Canadian letters, John Charles Dent.

Unlike the young nations which in olden times grew by conquest, Canada has grown greater without adding an acre to her domain. Emigration of a thrifty and proper sort has found its way into the wheat fields of the northwest, and the magnificent crop there will be a sufficient invitation for many more farmers to follow the setting sun towards the prairie land of promise, even though the frost, the unwelcome guest at the harvest banquet, considerably reduced the rejoicing.

Elsewhere Canada has not suffered in material things, while all over the country there has been a vast increase of patriotic sentiment for which we have to thank our neighbors. Threatenings of retaliation and of absorption from the powerful Republic have made Canadians draw more closely together, and since Confederation there has been no year which will be remembered as such a distinctive milepost in our national progress as the one just closed. We may build railways and canals, buy vast regions, spend money on highways and public buildings, and if we lack a distinctive Canadian sentiment, a sturdy national spirit, some common bond of unity, we will be weak and hopeless indeed. That self reliant patience keeps us quiescent while the bumptious braggadocio of our southern neighbors is crowding us together and giving us reason for fraternity amongst ourselves, gives reason for hopefulness and the feeling that the sons of this great American northland, like the Norsemen of old, may be the dominant race of the continent, even though lacking in numbers.

While we congratulate ourselves as Canadians, as citizens of the Greatest Empire, subjects of the Greatest Queen, we feel a glow of pride that the glory of the crown is not dimmed or the power of the flag grown less.

Church Troubles.

The Jeffery trouble refuses to be settled. The pious fathers of the church seem determined that the dirt of discordant epithets shall fill the air for another period, during which religion, as it is exemplified not only by the agitators in this matter but by the whole church, shall be discredited. The noisy and litigious elements in a church are too often apt to seize upon its management, while the modest and faithful believer sits on the back benches and is covered with shame to hear the wrangling, and is almost afraid to take up a daily newspaper lest he may see interviews between the elders of the church—the robed servitors of God—and the wicked reporters, who are much more anxious to furnish a sensation than to heal the wounds which need nothing but a drop of the oil of brotherly love to soothe the irritation. But no; this cannot be. The wounds are torn open again and again, until shortly the sores may disfigure the whole face of Methodism in Toronto.

Music

The Philharmonic Society's performance of the Messiah, on Thursday evening of last week, was one of the best concerts the society has ever given, rivaling in the excellence of its chorus singing its great rendering of the Elijah, in 1878. The orchestra, too, came out in a strong light at this last concert, and in its general excellence fully proved the wisdom of Mr. Torrington's efforts to centralize the work of oratorio accompaniments in Toronto itself, and as much as possible with the same body of people all the time. In these efforts there is more required than the mere ability to read the notes and play them. The players must know their conductor, and feel themselves in touch with him, and they must also know each other. The rank and file must know the ones who sit in front of and lead them. By this means they insensibly acquire the necessary power to instinctively follow the motions of their leaders, and thus acquire a unity of phrasing and delivery, which is otherwise impossible with the material available here. The good effect of this training was fully shown on Thursday evening, when what is now known as Mr. Torrington's orchestra did the best work it has yet placed before the public. The chorus accompaniments were well played, and a rare unity was established between the singers and the players. The tone was full and adequate to that of the large and powerful chorus.

•

In the solo accompaniments perhaps, the playing might advantageously have been restricted to the front desks, but not so much on account of the volume of tone as for its certainty, but even in this respect, the performance of an orchestra composed of the accidental material available in a city like Toronto has not excelled the one under consideration. Of course the Messiah accompaniments are comparatively easy, but it is in this school that the orchestra has to be trained for more difficult work. Of course slips were to be noticed, obviously one of the clarionet in He Shall Feed, where the gentleman made several efforts to get his work in and finally did "git thar" all right. Well, we may charitably suppose that he thought better too late than not at all, so better too early than too late. The chorus was fully up to what we fondly used to call Philharmonic tone, and in its singing it had a rare swing and energy. I have heard the Messiah sung in Chicago and in Buffalo, by choruses larger in pretension than that of the Philharmonic Society, and under conductors who have a world-wide reputation, and I have not heard this performance surpassed in either place. The basses especially were good, while their brethren on the other side of the house were hardly behind them. The trebles were splendid in clearness and pitch, but the altos were the weak spot. The correctness of the chorus was another strong feature. Mr. Torrington's tendency to rush things was shown in several choruses, notably in For Unto Us and the Hallelujah, in which cases, however, no harm was done to the choral structure, but in the Amen chorus the speed at which it was sung was destructive, and this fine chorus was blurred.

•

The soloists were hardly of the calibre, consistent with the excellence of the chorus, though Miss Lizzie Webb Cary has a fine voice, combining volume and sweetness in a new degree. Mr. Earls announced that she was suffering from a cold, and that may account for a very weak performance of I Know that My Redeemer Liveth, but it struck me that she hardly grasped the grandeur of the noble air. Her Rejoice Greatly also was lacking in the strength of delivery which comes from a consciousness of the tidings conveyed in the words and music. In a word, Miss Cary seemed to me to lack the dramatic conception rather than the physical ability necessary to sing her part as it should be sung. Mr. Jamieson, also from New York, commenced well, and gave a fine rendering of Every Valley, but he also weakened in effort before his evening was over. His Thou Shalt Dash Them was not equal to his previous effects in dignity and force, and in Thy Rebuke he suffered himself to drag the tempo to an unpleasant extent.

•

Miss Katie Ryan's voice hardly has the weight for the alto solos of The Messiah, but after she had got over her first nervousness she improved visibly. Miss Hillary sang the first part of He Shall Feed His Flock very well, and imparted a tender feeling to her small contribution to the evening's enjoyment. The bass parts were in good hands, and both Mr. Schuch and Mr. Blight sturdily upheld the reputation of Toronto's basses. Mr. Warrington seemed to lose himself once in his solo, but otherwise sang well. A notice of a Philharmonic concert without mention of Mr. Torrington would be Hamlet without Hamlet, and to the watchful care and magnetic direction of this musical Nestor the success of the evening is due. His right-hand man literally, Mr. John Bayley, also contributed by his unwavering attack and certainty to make this success possible.

•

The Canadian Society of Musicians has held its annual convention, with some very good and thoughtful essays, and with a good deal of desultory talk. At one time it looked as if there would be a pitched battle between the solfaists and the staff notationists, but fortunately the time was spent before the hosts flung themselves upon each other.

•

The other important question which was fought out was the qualification for membership. That is now open, as before, to those who have taught music for at least one year. Being started as an association of music teachers this is, no doubt, correct; but being now an association of musicians, those who have taught music only one year can hardly lay claim to the higher distinction; and just herein lies the anomaly which will have to be corrected at the next meeting.

•

In a desert of dreary organ music at the Society's Service in Praise, the oases were the singing of Mlle. Strauss, Miss Robinson and Mr. Schuch, and the playing of Mr. Arthur Dorey, who has since his arrival in Toronto, a month ago, already given up his charge at St. Peter's and gone to St. Luke's. I venture to predict that it will not be long before he will have still further promotion offered him. Keep your eye on him, because he is one of the cleverest organists in Toronto. METRONOME.

If you will pardon me for saying so, Monbars is false in sentiment. It owes its development to the action of a man whose character is presented to us as little short of the sublime, who is capable of great deeds and heroic actions, whose nature is endowed with that nobility of soul which finds its vent in compassion, consideration and a heroism that approaches the divine. Here is a man, one would think, incapable of a mean deed, a royal, whole-souled fellow, with noble aims and generous impulses, faithful, sincere, tender, true. After his marriage his wife repulses him, and he finds she merely married him to save her father from ruin, while her heart is possessed by a former lover. Mark, now, what this great man does. Sublime in all else, he gives way here to the meanest of human passions—jealousy. He is not jealous of her, but of her old sweetheart. He puts her from him considerately, loving her still, we are given to understand, with all the mighty passion of his mighty soul, but vows death to the man who had won her heart. Presently a scheming friend puts in his hand a sealed letter which she had written her old lover, intimating that all must be over between them. Monbars, a man of noble soul, loving his wife still, and holding her pure, although her love is given to another, should have torn the letter in fragments and turned with indignant scorn upon the traducer. But this heroic fellow, it seems, has only room in his great heart for a mean, petty, contemptible, jealous love, a love so weak and inefficient that it descends to doubts, so he opens the letter, reads it, sees in it confirmation of h's jealous fears, accuses his wife of faithlessness and demands her lover's name. She doesn't tell him, of course, and so the drama develops until his wife discovers that it is her husband she loves after all, and the curtain falls upon these two nestling in one another's arms, looking forward bravely and hopefully to a future golden with romance and sanctified by all the suffering that has gone before.

•

The mistake here is based apparently on the old saying that there can be no love without jealousy. This is so old a proverb that it has come to be accepted as a truism, and yet real love, and especially the love of a man whose soul is strung in accord with the elemental forces of nature—those gigantic forces which inspire men to deeds of daring and heroism and send them down the headlong path to glory and to death—is unselfish. A man who truly loves a woman will make any sacrifice for her. He will not covet her, but desire that she shall consult her own happiness. He will not stoop to pry into her secrets. He will not be guilty of the contemptible meanness coincident with the action of breaking the seal of a letter written by her, whose contents should be sacred to the writer and the one to whom the letter is sent. Jealous husbands and jealous wives have either mistaken a shallow sentiment for love or are green-eyed because they are themselves violating the marriage compact. Sinful, they see sin in each other. Pure men and pure women are usually so true to the marriage relation that the dark shadow of jealousy is never perceived. Yet here is a man with a sweet, pure spirit and an organization richly endowed with that nobility which makes men great, who deliberately stoops to the meanest and most contemptible of actions, and even goes out of his way to presume guilty the woman whom his heart, his sympathy, his understanding had told him was pure and sweet-souled and true enough to bear his name and share his life. The jealousy of Monbars is not consistent with the character given him by the dramatist, because it leads him to do that which is out of tune with his greatness of heart and mind.

•

If you remember that exquisite little dramatic gem, In Honor Bound, which the Rosina Vokes company have played here over and over again, you will remember where the husband—I forget his name, Courtenay Thorpe played the part—is put to a more cruel test than is Monbars. The blow comes to him after years and years of married life. It comes to him as a deadly certainty, not as an intangible suspicion. But he loves his wife. He has given her his name and has sufficient faith in her to know that while she may still cherish in heart a fancy for the lover of her youth, she is too pure and good and true a woman to forget her marriage vows. And so he quietly lights the criminating letter at a candle and watches the devouring flames consume it. Here is a touch of nobleness of nature for you that nothing in Monbars at all approaches. He does not rave and fume and fret and worry about it. It is the dignified, courteous action of one who has faith and trust and a love so great and pure for the woman by his side that he cannot bring himself to read that which might degrade or lower her in his eyes. Nay, further, when she, stirred in every depth of her being by the graciousness of his deed, throws herself upon his breast and would confess her fault, he will not let her speak, but shows her that his great love understands and forgives without her humiliation. Some such noble generosity as this would have been a more logical proceeding on the part of such an one as Monbars, who was evidently intended by the dramatist to be an ideal man. When he permits himself to be tossed about like a child's plaything by the most ignoble of all human passions, he falls from the pedestal D'Ennery has placed him on and becomes a shattered idol.

•

For all this Monbars is a great play. Without the jealousy incidental to the story it could not be told, and we may bring ourselves to forgive this man his one meanness when he has so many qualities we cannot help admiring. In the hands of so accomplished and so handsome an actor as Mr. Mantell, the leonine Frenchman D'Ennery has drawn becomes a living, breathing being, whose fate we follow with absorbing interest. When the ultra-climax of the play is reached in the fourth act, you sink back in the seat with a sigh of relief and discover that you have forgotten that this prosaic nineteenth century claims you for its own, that the days of romance and true love and manly chivalry for the weaker sex have gone forever and that you are sitting quietly and complacently in a theater, watching an accomplished actor's simulation of the varied emotions of mankind. Mantell is the best delineator of romantic roles we have on the stage to day. His magnificent presence, his mobile face, his wonderful voice, his masterly gesticulation are unique and unapproachable. I know of no one who can so easily sway an audience, who can compel from the promiscuous crowd before him the unconscious tributes of forgetting the actor in the man, and of silence, deep, awed and teeming with the excess of emotionality of the soul-stirred listeners.

•

"I always prefer to see star actresses," said a shrewd and observant lady of my acquaintance one evening.

"And why?" I asked.

"Because they generally have a good leading man. But your average actor is generally sufficient unto himself. He is indifferent about his company, and especially his leading lady. A woman, on the other hand, likes good people around her, and so the performance is generally much more enjoyable."

There is truth in this, but it is not applicable in the case of Mantell. He has surrounded himself with an excellent company. Miss Charlotte Behrens has a graceful presence, a flexible voice and a rather pretty face, but she militates against her natural advantages by her pronounced staginess in speech and action. The Laurent of Mark Price is a cameo of artistic villainy, and as Madame Laurent, Mrs. Henry Vandenhoff acts with an ease and naturalness which makes her work most enjoyable. Mr. Kendall Weston's Louis de Meran is distinguished by the easy, careless, graceful nonchalance of a telegraph pole, and his voice is as sympathetic in tone and as sweet to listen to as a Salvation army band.

•

At the Toronto Opera House all week Bartley Campbell's well worn White Slave has been running to good business. It is one of the best of the numerous plays written by the gifted but unfortunate American journalist who died in a madhouse while yet in the very prime of his life. It is easy to see that Campbell drew his inspiration from Harriet Beecher's Stowe's immortal work, but he has brightened the gloom of the picture with flashes of light humor, which serves to make it more attractive to the average spectator. The company presenting it, under the management of Mr. Harry Kennedy, may not be the worst company in the world, but it is near it, very near it. Miss Jennie Karasor, as Liza the White Slave, and Frank Drew, as P. H. Stitch, are about the only members of it whose work reveals any particular ability. On the whole if there is any one you have a grudge against, a good way to get square is to induce the enemy to take the White Slave in.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

Fanny Kemble, the once renowned actress, has just celebrated her eighty-sixth birthday.

At the Theater an der Wien, Vienna, The Yeoman of the Guard is announced to be sung in German.

The impending marriage of Lawrence Barrett's daughter to Mary Anderson's brother at Boston has created quite a social flurry in fashionable Hub circles.

W. J. Scanlan is reported to have made a hit in his new play, Miles Aroon, by Jessop and Townsend, which was produced in Philadelphia on Monday. All of Mr. Scanlan's new songs are said to have met with popular favor.

J. H. Sinclair has been appointed to the post of dramatic editor of the Buffalo *Express*. He removed from this city to take the position. He is an old Hamilton boy and the son of Judge Sinclair of that city. He is a bright satirical writer, a hard worker and a thoroughly companionable good fellow.

Pauline Markley's Burlesquers, after their manager and treasurer had "skipped," played at Tamaqua, Pa., on the commonwealth plan, to secure enough money to take them home. The receipts gave them $2 each; all except one burlesquer left the city. That lady is now sensibly at work in a local knitting mill.

Toronto correspondence *New York Mirror*: "SATURDAY NIGHT, one of our society papers, culls weekly from the *Mirror*, but duly gives it credit. [While we appreciate the honesty and courtesy of SATURDAY NIGHT, we do not expect less from a city like Toronto, famous for its athletes, educational institutions and first-class newspaper men, of whom its present Mayor, Edward F. Clarke, is a shining example. —Ed. *Mirror*."]

The theatrical profession is remarkably rich in such shining characters as that of Kate Claxton—a fond wife and devoted mother. Her home life is utterly unlike the existence set down for the actress by the ignorant. If an old pill didn't ask me once if "actresses ever kept house," may I have to eat this week's paper. "Keep house, you benighted ignoramus!" cried I. "Yes; and the purest, sweetest, best-looking, best-kept homes are those of the player people." Kate Claxton has a daughter apparently a few years older than herself, and two beloved boys, the image of the much-worshiped husband.—*The Giddy Gusher.*

Mr. A. R. Cazauran's legion of friends gave him a testimonial matinee at the Madison Square Thursday. Mr. Cazauran is a clever and well known New York dramatist and journalist who has been seriously ill for a number of weeks, and there is scarcely a leading member of the profession who did not help to make this evidence of respect and sympathy a very substantial tribute to the stricken playwright. The companies from Daly's, Palmer's and the Madison Square, including Mrs. Potter and other notables, assisted. Mr. Ed. Cazauran is a brother-in-law of E. A. Levian of this city, who is the *Mirror's* Toronto correspondent.

General William H. Lytle.

In a recent discussion as to the time at which General William H. Lytle, who was killed at the battle of Chickamauga, composed his beautiful poem, The Death of Antony, the following touching anecdote has been unearthed. It appeared in the Richmond *Enquirer* shortly after the battle: "Gen. Lytle was killed far in advance of his command, while gallantly leading an assault into our lines. His horse bore his corpse into our lines, and the steed and its dead rider were both captured. As soon as it was known that the author of that rare poem, as familiar south as north, I am Dying, Egypt, Dying, lay dead in camp, officers and men crowded around to take a last look at the face of the poet-soldier, who had achieved so great a literary triumph. There was no rejoicing over the death of this fallen enemy, but there was, in truth, something on each soldier's cheek that for the moment washed away the stains of powder. Tenderly they took him up, and when the battle was over an escort of honor, appointed from among the leading Confederate officers, bore him back to his own camp under a flag of truce on a rudely constructed funeral bier, with his martial cloak around him. In life he had touched that chord of human sympathy which makes all the world kin, and in death its harmonious vibrations silenced all resentments, and thrilled the hearts of friends and foes with a nobler passion than hatred or revenge."

THE DEATH OF ANTONY.

"*I am dying, Egypt, dying.*"—Shakespeare.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast.
Let thine arms, O Queen, support me!
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear!
Harken to the great heart secrets
Thou and thou alone must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman!
Die the great triumvir still.

Let not Cæsar's servile minions
Mock the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's hand that felled him—
'Twas his own that struck the blow.
His, who, pillowed on thy bosom,
Turned aside from glory's ray,
His, who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly flung a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble
Dare assail my fame at Rome,
Where the noble patricians, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home,
See her, say the gods have told me,
Altars, augurs, circling wings,
That her blood with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
Glorious sorceress of the Nile!
Light my path to Stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile;
Give the Cæsar crowns and arches,
Let his prow the laurel twine;
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Hark the insulting foeman's cry!
They are coming—quick, my falchion!
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah! no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell.
Isis and Osiris guard thee,
Cleopatra! Rome!—Farewell!

In Sight o' Land.

Above the restful summer sea
The skies are clear, the winds are bland;
And the ship rides on full merrily,
In sight of land.

Glad songs of home float on the air
From those upon the deck who stand;
And eyes grow dim and wistful there—
In sight o' land.

An hour—and friend with friend will meet,
Lip cling to lip, and hand clasp hand;
Oh, how the heart throbs sorely sweet
In sight o' land.

But lo! athwart the radiant heavens—
(Alas for hopes by mortal planned)
The thick clouds of storm are driven,
In sight o' land.

Cursed by confusion dark, as though
God had awhile resigned command,
The furious waves crash to and fro,
In sight o' land.

And that proud ship, which oft had crossed
The chasmful sea from strand to strand,
With every soul on board, is lost
In sight o' land.

The morning comes, with joyant breath—
But cold and silent on the sand
Lie some who saw the face of death
In sight o' land.

'The Baroness.

Miss Maud would marry a title,
So she went far over the sea;
While there she married a baron,
And a baron indeed was he.

For barren he was of money,
And of land most barren was he;
His title, too, it was baron—
But spelt with a double r-e.

Oh! marry for love, young maidens,
And not for a long pedigree,
The foreign noble has nothing,
Which he holds in commission with thee.

Then think of Maud and her title—
Far better a spinster to be,
Than marry and often be sighing
For the dear old home 'cross the sea.

The Deadly Parallel.

"I can't see why there should be such a craze for Russian literature," remarked Hanover Squeer; "why should people want to know so much about a country that nobody would care to live in?"

"Ah, my boy, you forget," returned Barker Carper, "that Dante's Inferno is so popular you can buy paper copies for twenty cents!"

Rent Arranged Accordingly.

Family Man—What is the rent of this house?
Renting Agent—What salary are you getting a month?
Family Man—One hundred and ten dollars.
Renting Agent—Well, that will be the rent.

It is generally presumed that we like to hear about great people. The Empress of Russia is suffering very seriously from the nervous shock occasioned by the late attempt made upon her husband's life and her own. As Princess Dagmar, she was very nervous and delicate, and to a very extraordinary degree excitable; and since her marriage, not only the repeated attempts made on her father-in-law's life—in three of which her husband and herself might have perished—but above all, the climate of Russia and the mode of living there have gone far to make what was at first only a weakness, a confirmed and chronic disorder. Russian women are indeed notoriously the most nervous women in the world—that is, women of the upper classes, for those belonging to the peasantry particularly are hardy—and this arises principally from the overheated rooms. Russian ladies always complain that they never get warm out of Russia! Then we must not forget the quantity of tea (albeit weak as water) they drink, the cigarettes they smoke, and the sweets they constantly devour. The Empress has been subjected to all these influences, save the cigarette smoking, and the result has been most harmful.

***

There are many curious facts connected with some of the leading families of Russia not generally known. Catherine I., second wife of Peter the Great, was the daughter of a poor Livonian peasant. She was the maid of all work, first of all, in the family of a Lutheran pastor named Gluck; then she married a private soldier in a Swedish dragoon regiment, who was taken prisoner by the Russians at Marienburg; then the clever young woman became the mistress of General Bauer, who passed her on to Marshal Count Tcheremeteff, who resigned her to Peter the Great, who married her. When she had become Empress, Catherine endeavored to discover what had become of her family, being anxious to be of service to them. It was a very difficult task, but she eventually had them traced out and found her two brothers and two sisters. The brothers—common peasants, of course—were ennobled by the great Catherine and received the title of Counts Scarowski. Their descendants are now all dead, the two last being the late Princess Peter Bagrationi and the late Countess Paul de Pahlen. One of Catherine's sisters had married a common soldier named Jeffmow; he was ennobled and called Jeffmowski. The other had married a common farm laborer named Simon Henry (no relation to our own and only Sim Henry); he was ennobled and called Hendrikoff! Descendants of these lucky peasantsare, even now, to be met with in the best St. Petersburg salons.

***

Three of the wealthiest, most powerful and famous Russian families sprang from very humble origin, the Orloffs, the Narischkins and the Stroganoffs. When the Streltzen were beheaded, Peter the Great indulged himself in the luxury of attending the executions in person. One of the condemned about to suffer death was a mere lad of eighteen nicknamed "Oreli"—the eagle—and when his turn came to walk up to the block he did so with the greatest unconcern, carelessly kicking aside the head of one of his fellow sufferers and friends, and exclaiming coolly, "You really must make room, old fellow!" Peter was so taken by the lad's courage and coolness that he pardoned him and put him into the army. From this man sprang the noble and powerful family of Orloff.

***

Of the hundreds of eminent men who died during the past year, the following may be mentioned: The Emperors William I. and Frederick; Sir John Henry Brand, President of the Orange Free State; Matthew Arnold; Prof. Bonamy Price; Marshal Lebœuf; Emil de Maupas; Prof. Leone Levi; Roscoe Conkling; Lester Wallack; Cardinal Martinelli; A. Bronson Alcott; George Routledge; Gen. Phil. Sheridan; the Earl of Lucan; Chief Justice Waite; Philip H. Gosse; Admiral Hewett; Count Liugi Carti; Duke Maximilian of Bavaria; Sir Henry Maine; Louis Marnot; Henry Herz; M. Charles Duclerc; and Prof. Asa Gray. Among the names of women we find: Mrs. Proctor, Louisa M. Alcott, and Mrs. Mary Howitt. The death roll is a long one, but the world goes on as before.

***

The first bank forger, Richard William Vaughan, was the brother of a Stafford lawyer, and became clerk to a solicitor in London. He wished to marry his master's daughter, and promised to produce a sum of £1,000, which he said his mother would present to him, half of it to be settled on his wife. On these terms the father consented to the marriage, and Vaughan obtained a month's leave of absence. He occupied this period in obtaining engraved impressions in imitation of £20 Bank of England notes, which was not such a difficult matter then, such things as forged notes being unknown. With fifty of these sham notes he presented himself at the appointed time, and his fiancee accepted her share in perfect good faith, and the marriage preparations were proceeded with. Unfortunately, he wanted ready money, and put two of his own forged notes into circulation. They were challenged, and he became alarmed, and tried to get back the notes he had given to the young lady. But she refused to yield them up, suspecting nothing of their true nature, and when Vaughan was arrested the next day she would hardly believe even then that she had been deceived. The forger was tried at the Old Bailey on the 7th April, 1758, spending what was to have been his wedding day in the condemned cell. Four days later he was hanged at Tyburn. Since forgery has become more common, the offence is more lightly treated.

***

The Duke of Edinburgh will, some day, in the ordinary course of events, succeed his uncle, Ernest II., as Duke of Saxe Coburg and Gotha, Juliers, Cleves, Berg, Engern and Westphalia; landgrave of Thuringia, margrave of Metssen, princely count of Henneberg, and much more. Bearing this in mind, his Royal Highness will, it is said, quit the Royal Navy next year, and take up his residence in Coburg, in order that he may become better acquainted than heretofore with his future subjects. I venture to hope that he will do nothing of the sort. In England he is a popular prince, and an admirable naval officer. In Germany he would, as a foreigner, be unpopular, if not positively disliked. Nor will he be obliged, against his will, to assume the crown of Coburg upon the death of his uncle. Germany is prepared to purchase all his rights; the Queen is believed to be anxious that her son should thus dispose of them; and if the Duke of Edinburgh were to succeed to the throne of Coburg, his career as a naval officer, even in Germany, would come to an end. He, a British admiral, could never consent to serve any country at sea, save as an admiral. It would be impossible for him to sink his rank and become the underling of his very capable nephew, Prince Henry of Prussia, the future Admiral-in-Chief of the German fleet.

To Correspondents.

(Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," SATURDAY NIGHT Office.)

Baryfone (Barrie).—You can scarcely imagine the methods adopted by various singers for clearing and strengthening the voice. Some are abstainers, some drink stout, some try egg-flip, some take a very little glycerine, some try vaseline. The variety is bewildering and endless. Do not dream of training your voice by book-work. If you cannot get a teacher, give up the notion.

Etiquette (Hamilton) writes: "Is it proper for a young lady to invite a gentleman into the house, after he has brought her home from the theater, or some such place?" It depends on circumstances. As a general thing, the lady does not, if the hour is late, invite her escort into the house. Still there is no cast iron rule in the matter, and, if the lady sees fit, it is sometimes allowable for her to extend the invitation.

Telegrapher (Owen Sound)—The possession of but one arm will not militate against your chances of becoming an expert telegraph operator, provided the desire is backed up by a determination to succeed. Between that and the profession of short-hand, we should advise the choice of the latter, as the chances to make more money are greater, on account of the overcrowded ranks of the telegraphers. As a matter of course it will be necessary to become an expert in either profession in order to command a living salary.

Charlotte (Victoria, B.C.).—I wish to ask your advice on several points of etiquette which I doubt my own ability to fathom: 1. Is it proper for a lady, after returning from a tour or visit, to write to a gentleman first, whom she had met? 2. If a lady is engaged should that prevent her from corresponding with other gentlemen? 1. A lady should not begin a correspondence with a man whom she had met away from home by writing to him in the first instance. 2. When a lady is engaged she should be very careful about corresponding with other gentlemen, and certainly should not enter into any correspondence which would be disagreeable to her betrothed.

A Seeker (St. George).—1. "One step from the sublime to the ridiculous," is a saying usually attributed to Napoleon, but it has been proven that it originated with the noted Thomas Paine, in a work written by him before Napoleon's time. He says, "the sublime and the ridiculous are often so nearly related that it is difficult to class them separately. One step above the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again. 2. "Good-by" is a contraction of the words "God be with you," as has been proven by evidence contained in books printed at a very early age in the world's history.

P. G. S. (Whitby).—The primary colors, from which all others are derived are red, blue and yellow. When all these are mixed in equal proportion and strength, black is the result; but upon mixing any two of them, what is called a secondary color is produced. Red and blue make violet; red and yellow, orange; blue and yellow, green. The contrasting color of any primary is the secondary of the other two. Thus, red is contrasted by green; blue is contrasted by orange, and yellow is contrasted by violet. The union of any primary color with its opposite secondary, as red with green, destroys both, and dark gray or black results.

"The Day Will Come,"

Miss Braddon's latest novel, superbly illustrated by English artists, will begin in SATURDAY NIGHT January 12. This is the Canadian copyright edition and publishers are warned against infringements.

When the Driver Awoke.

A practical joke was played the other day which was worthy of Theodore Hook in his happiest days. A gentleman who has something of a reputation as a wag, was the writer's companion, and we were passing a large shop. There, drawn up, were three or four vehicles, and among them was a closed brougham with the driver fast asleep on the box. Evidently the mistress was inside the shop.

Without a word the wag stole quickly up, and opening the carriage door carefully slammed it to. In a moment the coachman straightened up, and gazed down the street at the electric light which was fixed there as if he had never seen anything so interesting in his life. Then he stole a look over his shoulder, and saw the wag standing, hat in hand, apparently talking to some one inside the carriage.

"Thank you; yes; good-day," said the wag, and bowed himself gracefully away from the door, turning as he did so to look at the driver and say one word, "Home!"

"Yes, sir! tch! get up!" and off went the brougham home.

Where that home was, who the mistress of the carriage was, or what she did when she came out of the shop, or what the coachman did when he stopped at the door of home and found the carriage empty, all that only the coachman and lady know.

Mrs. Gabb (reading)—Wakefield has a millionaire who sleeps in the barn with his horse. Mr. Gabb (brutally)—Well, horses don't talk.

What to Wear at Fancy Dress Balls

Specially written for Saturday Night.

Among Toronto's young womanhood, as among the young womanhood of other cities in both the new world and the old, what to wear at a fancy dress ball is at times a puzzling and an absorbing question. That it is a perplexing question wherever it is discussed does not arise from the paucity of costumes. Nor is it a perplexing question in Toronto from the lack of taste and ingenuity manifested by our society belles. The difficulty usually experienced is to make a choice suitable to the figure and the complexion of the wearer. Having made a choice, that the costume shall, if possible, be uncommon, should not be of so much moment as that it should have a pleasing and artistic effect. That it shall be striking and noticeable is, we take it, not so much the desire as that it shall become the wearer, and be distinctive and in some measure original. Harmony of effect, not glaring discord, should be the object aimed at.

The student of woman's attire has, at any time, a large and interesting study. At a masquerade, carnival, or fancy dress ball, his field of observation and reflection grows enormously. As a rule, the young and fair womanhood of Toronto know how to dress; and it must be said that the present fashions materially aid them in setting off face and figure to good advantage. Historical subjects are those largely drawn upon at fancy dress balls. National costumes, perhaps, come next. After which, the vogue usually is some fancy dress representing the seasons, or taken from the characters in a play, a novel, or the opera, or the thousand-and-one subjects drawn from nature, such as Night and Morning, a bird, a flower, or an insect, with the adjuncts of the supernatural, such as a ghost, a witch or a goblin. At a calico ball great variety as a rule is allowable, though, as the dress-material should be the simple striped cottons, rather than satins and velvets, the characters represented should be of the peasant order, including shepherdesses, flower girls, charity maidens, and subjects in the pretty Dolly Varden and Kate Greenaway costumes.

Historical dresses usually present the most difficulty, as is evidenced by the many lamentably incorrect representations and the glaring incongruities of dress and make-up to be seen when such are attempted. On these occasions it is so easy to make a slip, and to introduce gloves, high heeled shoes, wigs and powder, or the mode of wearing the hair, in defiance of the usage that appertains to the costume and the period represented. To introduce hair powder and face-patches in the Elizabethan era would be clearly an anachronism, as would be the wearing of high-heeled shoes at the time of the Plantagenets. Similar historical inconsistencies occur in the manner of the head-dress and the mode of wearing the hair. The bang or the plait in a classic costume would be as absurd as would be the Greek knot in the coiffure of a Turkish woman or a Norman peasant. Equally inconsistent would be a Poudre costume, as we lately saw it in Toronto, in character-representations of the time of the Tudors. There should also be some degree of fitness in assuming a costume in keeping with the years of the bearer. This is a delicate matter and perhaps quite unnecessary to refer to, for few who ought to pass as elderly ladies will violate the proprieties by assuming characters too youthful for their years. Yet we have seen some matrons who would well become a dowager costume of the Gainsborough or Sir Joshua Reynold's type, look nervous and ill at ease as Rowena, Anne Boleyn, or Elizabeth of York. Where elderly dames have ventured to assume such youthful representations as Titania, Aurora, Jeanne d'Arc, Flora, the Goddess of Flowers, or to figure among the major or minor deities who preside over rivers, springs, wells and fountains as Naiades or Nereides, the incongruity is the greater, however flattering the make-up may be to their vanity.

Pretty much the same mistakes are made in assuming national costumes at variance with the complexion. The character of a Cleopatra or a Connaught peasant-girl would not suit a blonde; nor would the representation of Marguerite in Faust, or of a Scandinavian lady of rank, harmonize with a brunette. Historical truth is also often disregarded in the case of national and character dances, though allowance has to be made for want of familiarity with terpsichorean measures, often full of grace, which modern society has suffered to fall out of fashion. A Morris dance, or even Sir Roger de Coverley, is hardly the dance for a courtly dame of the sixteenth century; while a shepherdess or a vivandiere would outrage the proprieties in the court minuet or the stately pavane. Of course, if you want mere fun you may mix characters and classes as you please, and have an *olla podrida* dance without regard to historic fitness or national propriety. In that case, you can have your quadrille of Old Nations, without regard to time or place—a Watteau costume might hob-nob with Irish frieze, and the Highland kilt be *vis-a-vis* with a Louis Quinze or Tudor dress. In such a license the dances themselves would be very liketo to alone; the cotillion would be apt to merge itself in the Staffordshire jig and a country dance blend with the stately figures of the court minuet. The result, we fear, however, would be social chaos and the dethronement of propriety and art.

CERMER MADA.

The writer is indebted to Mr. Ardern Holt's interesting volume, Fancy Dresses Described, for the following suggestions of costumes suited for fancy dress representation. Among the costumes adapted to brunettes are: Africa, Asia, Autumn, an Arab Lady, the Bride of Abydos, Britannia, Colleen Bawn, Diana, Druidess, Earth, Erin, Egyptian, a Greek Lady, a Gypsy, an Indian Girl, Harvest, Maritana, the Maid of Saragossa, Rose of Castille, a Zingari, with Italian, Spanish and Oriental dresses.

For Blondes: Air, Arctic Maiden, Aurora, Bride of Lammermoor, White Lady of Avenel, Canada, Danish Peasant, Day, Dew, Elaine, Fair Maid of Perth, Fairy, Flora, Moonlight, Marguerite, Norwegian Peasant, Ophelia, Peace, Polish Peasant, Rainbow, Swiss Girl, Twilight, Water Nymph.

Historical subjects: Queen Anne, Catherine of Arragon, Catherine Howard, Catherine de Medici, Queen Elizabeth, Marguerite de Valois, Marie Antoinette, Marie Stuart, the Queen's Maries, Philippa of Hainault and a lady of any of the following periods—Charles I., James II., Louis XIII., XIV., XV. and XVI.

For elderly ladies: Mrs. Balchristie, Griselda Oldbuck, Dowager of Brionne, Grandmother, Quakeress, Mrs. Primrose, wife of Vicar of Wakefield, Peacock, the Duchess of Orleans, Mother Hubbard, Mother Shipton, a Sorceress, a Gallican Matron, Night, Puritan, a Lady of the Olden Time, or a Vandyke costume.

For sisters who wish to appear in costumes which assimilate: Apple and Pear Blossoms, Sovereign and Shilling, Cinderella's two sisters, Cordelia's sisters, Salt and Fresh Water, the Roses of York and Lancaster, a Circassian Princess and Slave, Music and Painting, Aurora and the Hours, Oranges and Lemons and four sisters as the Seasons.

For calico balls: Fille de Madame Angot, Bo-peep, Mother Hubbard, Five O'clock Tea, Flower Girl, Fish Wife, Polly-put-the-kettle-on, My Pretty Maid, Shepherdess, Powdre and Watteau costumes, Alphabet, Scott's and Shakespeare's heroines, Buy-a-broom, Queen of Butterflies, Chess, Cinderella, Columbine, Coming Thro' the Rye, Dresden China, Dominoes, Harvest, Incroyable, Magpie, Olivia and Sophia Primrose, Rainbow, One of the Rising Generation.

Fakes About Sneezing.

When the King of Scunaar sneezed his courtiers immediately turned their backs on him and gave a loud slap on their right thigh.

It is probable that the custom of saluting after sneezing, which is still prevalent in some countries, originated in some ancient superstition.

It is attributed by some to Pope Gregory, who is said to have instituted a short benediction to be used on such occasions, at a time when, during pestilence, the crisis was attended by sneezing and in most cases followed by death.

The custom existed long prior to Pope Gregory. The lover in Apullrus, Gyton in Petronius, and allusions to it in Pliny prove its antiquity; a memoir of the French Academy notices the practice in the New World on the first discovery of America. Everywhere man was saluted for sneezing.

The Rabbins, who have a story for everything, say that before Jacob men never sneezed but once, and then immediately died. They assure us that Patriarch was the first who died a natural death, before him all men died by sneezing; the memory of which was ordered to be preserved in all nations by a command of every prince to his subjects to employ some salutary exclamation after the act of sneezing.

When the King of Menomotapa sneezed those near his person, when this happened, saluted him in so loud a tone that persons in the ante-chamber heard it, and joined in the acclamation in the adjoining apartment. They did the same till the noise reached the street, and became propagated throughout the city; so that at each sneeze of His Majesty a most horrible cry from the salutations of many thousands of his vassals resulted.

With the ancients sneezing was ominous; from the right it was considered auspicious; and Plutarch, in his life of Themistocles, says that before a naval battle it was a sign of conquest. Catullus, in his pleasing poem of Acme and Septimius, makes this action of the deity of Love from the left the source of his fiction. The passage has been versified by a poetical friend, who finds authority that the gods sneezing on the right in heaven is supposed to come to us on earth on the left.

Things a Baby Can Do.

What a baby can do is explained by Five Talents of Women, a new work just published:

A baby can beat any alarm clock ever invented waking a family up in the morning.

Give it a chance and it can smash more dishes than the most industrious servant in the country.

It can fall down oftener and with less provocation than the most expert tumbler in the circus ring.

It can make more genuine fuss over a simple brass pin than its mother would over a broken back.

It can choke itself black in the face with greater ease than the most accomplished wretch that was ever executed.

It can keep a family in a constant turmoil from morning till night and night till morning without once varying its tune.

It can be relied upon to sleep peacefully all day when its father is away at business and cry persistently at night when it is particularly sleepy.

It may be the naughtiest, dirtiest, ugliest, most fretful baby in all the world, but you can never make its mother believe it, and you had better not try.

It can be a charming and model infant when no one is around, but when visitors are present it can exhibit more bad temper than both of its parents together.

It can brighten up a house better than all the furniture ever made, make sweeter music than the finest orchestra ever organized; fill a larger place in its parents' breasts than they knew they had, and when it goes away it can cause a greater vacancy and leave a greater blank than all the rest of the world put together.

A Point in Law.

Justice—You say that your sister was bitten by the horse and you want damages?

Plaintiff—Yes, sir; I have witnesses to prove that the horse bit her.

Defendant—I can explain, Judge. The woman is a grass widow. The horse is not to blame.

Bohemian—What was the matter with my poem that you returned? Editor—Nothing, only guano and piano didn't rhyme in our type; nor do dishes and delicious.

The Professor at the Breakfast Table.

Professor (somewhat angrily)—Where's the bill of fare?
Landlady—The bill for your fare, Professor, is under your plate. You will observe it is not receipted.—*Scribners.*

Personal Mention.

Countryman (at news-stand in uptown hotel)—Wot papers hev ye got, Mister?
Newsdealer—Any paper you like, sir.
Countryman—Gimme a *Tuxedo Bugle.* I want to see wot they say 'bout my trip to York.

SECOND OF OUR "FAMILY HERALD" STORIES

GUELDA.

All Rights Reserved.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

A sorry looking Lord Loudon met the Duke's sight. He was dishevelled, dressed in a loose soiled yachting-suit, and red-eyed. Plainly both he and the Doctor had sat up drinking most of the night.

Nevertheless the man's likeness to the late lord, still more his resemblance to the portraits of Robert Seaton, having a peculiarly-shaped pointed mustache, and hair receding in sharp points from the temples, struck Islay with force. Surely Guelda must be his relative!

"Who's this gentleman, Jobling? What's the meaning of this? I don't see anybody," hastily muttered the master of the house, giving an angry furtive glance at his associate from where he sat over his untasted breakfast.

"At right; old man; the gentleman has been talking to me at the door, so I brought him in," answered Jobling, with an air meant for easy unconcern, though he became uncomfortable under his patrons glance, and made haste to mix himself a brandy-and-soda, interpolating, "What a splitting headache I have," in explanation. "He has a very fine horse, out there for you to see; and, I'm a judge—"

"I did not come to see about horses, Lord Loudon," interrupted Delay, dropping his usual "hail-fellow" manner, and speaking with such a well-bred but stern dignity that the sporting Doctor started and stared as if a new comer had entered. "There is my name:" and he handed his card.

"The Duke of Islay!" cried Loudon, scrambling to his feet, as he read the name with a furry at the Doctor; then, assuming a sudden politeness that was almost cringing, he continued, "This is an unexpected pleasure. Will your Grace sit down? I had no idea—"

Islay refused, with a slight gesture, a chair which Jobling, who seemed panic-struck, had shuffled to push towards him.

"No, thank you; I prefer standing. My visit here has an object, Lord Loudon, and I may as well state it at once. It concerns Miss Seaton."

"Ah, yes—my poor brother's daughter—yes, indeed!"

He lordship looked manifestly uneasy, and his shifting eyes moved restlessly from side to side.

"Will you tell me why she left your roof, and whether you know where she is at present?"

"I really—" Loudon hemmed and faltered uneasily; then, changing his tone to one of great distress, exclaimed, "Poor girl! She is very dear to me—as dear as if she was my own daughter, I assure your Grace; but she is wilful; and, I am sorry to say it, of late unhappily she has been—ahem!—a little flighty."

"Flighty!" thundered Islay, "I have the honor of being counted among Miss Seaton's friends, and that is not a word to be applied to her. What do you mean, sir?"

With the instinct of mutual recognition possessed by all well-bred men, Islay's impression of this man's resemblance to Robert Seaton had vanished in the short conversation. "The wretch is not a gentleman," he had already decided in his heart. "He brought up at Eton, at Oxford—impossible!" Islay, being rich and kind-hearted, had known and helped in his time more than one of good family who had literally been reduced to beggary and the worst of shifts. But even then they had never lost an indefinable something that lent a certain pitiful dignity to their rags. "Once a gentleman, always one," Islay had firmly credited; and this man, he would swear, had never been one.

"As I am her uncle, I may be allowed perhaps to know what I say," though what I do say is with the greatest reluctance," replied Loudon softly, casting down his eyes and placing his finger-tips together at the attitude of a man of regretful embarrassment. "My word applied not to her conduct, but to her state of mind—of nerves. A lady of my neighborhood—in fact, Lady Ermyntrude Gamble, I may mention—who is a particular friend of mine, will bear me out in what I say with pain. My niece Guelda, whether from pride, or her father's death or what—I can't say—has been lately unhinged—upset in her nerves; she is, in fact—"

"A little touched in the upper story," put in Jobling tapping his forehead in helpful illustration.

"It is an infernal lie!" shouted Islay, in an outburst of passion which he could not control, "Miss Seaton is at this moment as sane as I am! You sir—you who call yourself her uncle, and have driven her from the home that was hers—you who hounded her with the ruffians you set on her track, and who are trying to dog her footsteps at this moment—you who would drag an innocent girl to the unpeakable horrors of an asylum for your own black ends, how dare you utter her name with words of coolness? But, I warn you, your game is over, and your dastardly dealings shall be exposed."

Loudon's olive complexion grew even more sallow as Islay hurled this fierce invective at him. The man seemed to draw into himself and shrink visibly, but only as if preparing for a spring. His pale face twisted into a mask; only the eye that were fixed on his enemy showed life, for they still glittered restlessly. With almost a smile, he asked softly—

"So you have seen her lately it appears? You know where she is."

"I do know. She is safe under the shelter of my roof," responded Islay bluntly, drawing himself up and looking certainly not a man to be meddled with. "I and her other friends mean to protect Miss Seaton in the future from your diabolical attempts upon her liberty, Lord Loudon. You are warned now; I should hardly think you will dare to persevere."

His opponent was silent for a moment or two.

"I may have been wrong, not being used to love-sick girls or to their queer vagaries. I, so, I respectable gentleman whose advice I meant to follow would have set all straight; and not only myself, but Lady Ermyntrude Gamble would have been sorry for the trouble and consulted her as a woman and a mother," he said, with tawny humility.

"A woman! A she-fiend!" muttered Islay in a whisper.

A pale sneer curved Loudon's lips; he leaned forward, his snake-like eyes studying Islay's expression fixedly.

"And so Guelda Seaton is under your roof and under your protection! May I ask how soon your Grace intends to marry her?"

Islay started, for the shaft had passed between the joints of his harness of pride and lodged quivering in his heart. For a moment—only because he was so honest and straight-minded—he had nothing to say. Then he remembered himself, and, with a look and manner befitting the chief of the Northern race, whose princely possessions were as nothing in their eyes compared with their pride of a descent equalling sovereignty and the hereditary honor that was stainless, he said simply:

"If Miss Seaton had deigned to accept me, I should have considered her hand as the highest honor ever bestowed upon me. As it is, I am proud to shelter her as the promised wife of my cousin Capitain Airlie."

"You allow me to tell you I heard her with my own ears refuse to marry him; so, if you won't have her, she is likely to fall between two stools to the ground. Still I am not surprised your Grace hesitates, for Airlie is the man she fancies, though she says he is too poor for her. Perhaps you would hardly like to feel that the Duchess of Islay was in love with your cousin!"

"Do you dare to insinuate?" breathed Islay, half choked, and taking a step forward. He felt baited, taken at a disadvantage by the venomous words and sly leering looks of the wretch before him.

"This is my own house, I believe," uttered his adversary, retreating hastily. "Jobling, stay by the bell!" he added.

Islay stood still. It was beneath his dignity, impossible to meet this man on his own vulgar level, by hasty words, or to compromise Guelda's name by knocking down this so-called Loudon. He took another course, and said:

"In Miss Seaton's name I demand that an explanation. If you persist in trying to subject her to such an outrage as having the question of her sanity tested, I understand that her friends will oppose you—among them myself—and, if expense is an object, none shall be spared. I will see that her uncle is warned in Chancery, so that you cannot touch her. Furthermore, your own antecedents will naturally give rise to perhaps disagreeable investigations or comments; you best know if you are prepared to face them."

"What do you mean to hint, sir? It—it—I'm a lie! Jobling and Benjamin's shop! Perhaps you wondered what I was doing. The fact, is not knowing about thi—ahem!—delay, I thought you do not know much of how Mr. Robert Seaton spent many years of his life. It might be an interesting recital from the witness-box—that is all."

Loudon looked entrapped. Plainly he felt that he was treading in a quagmire, so it was with a humbled sullenness that he asked:

"What do you mean, sir?"

"To bind yourself not to molest Miss Seaton further, under penalty of the consequences I have just mentioned."

"Well"—and the other broke into a short laugh—"every man who has knocked about the world like me has had some roughish times he may not care to recall. Jobling, though far from worse than others, I hope. As to the girl, if I'm wrong, I'm wrong. So, if you and your friends undertake to protect her, I'm willing to say, as I do, as my wanting to put her in an asylum, that is all bosh! I never said so. Where are her proofs? Let her produce them. But I did think she was a bit off her balance poor girl, and what's more, her maid and Lady Ermyntrude Gamble thought the same. That's what made her run away. No wonder I tried to find her and advertised. Now, Duke, is that all fair and square? Tell you what I'm willing to do, I'm there no end of a good man; so will part friends—eh? Perhaps"—with a keenly sly look—"it's as well you have arranged she's to marry your cousin, for she is over ears in love in that quarter."

"I have arranged nothing. It is for them to settle their own affairs, not for me," replied Islay huskily, in his haste and fury savage.

He left Loudon abruptly, gave a careless nod to Jobling, who had gazed open-mouthed at the scene, and returned home feeling only half victorious. Deep in himself, the man's envenomed hints as to the situation rankled in the Duke's mind.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Now that you have seen him yourself, what do you really think?" asked Guelda eagerly; for on Islay's answer depended all her hopes. If he held back, the Duke inheritance was lost, and the boy would grow up an untutored Orlando, without fortune, and degraded in mind, body and estate.

"He is Robert Seaton, I believe," said Islay slowly; "but, if not, who is he?"

"Ah, that is the question I cannot solve!" replied the girl sadly. "He knows so much of the London family history, and yet not enough! Have you consulted your lawyers, as you said you would do, this morning?"

"Yes; I wrote strongly to them after leaving Loudon House. They were exceedingly sceptical at first about our suspicions, saying that, if your grandfather's eldest son, how like his son and the old butler thinks he is Robert Seaton, it will be very difficult to disprove their evidence"

"But he is an impostor nevertheless! I know it—I can swear to it! And, if no one else believes it, or will help me, I will walk alone, on my little brother's behalf. Lord Hodge knows her, even if I do not succeed until I am an old woman!" exclaimed Guelda, with her soul in her eyes, her head thrown back, her color high.

"Don't I believe it? I will help you," said Islay, with a rather sad look. Would she never learn to trust him! "My lawyers say there is only one thing to be done, and that immediately, in this matter."

"What is it?"

"Some one must go out to Australia and find out whether your uncle Robert Seaton really died or not. So I have settled with them that I start myself the day after to-morrow," was Islay's quiet, almost dull response.

"I have been anxious to tell you of this strange business, Sir Julian, because you are one of the few persons we can think of who is supposed to know Robert Seaton. Lady Ellen's day the next afternoon, as, after a somewhat lengthy and earnest conversation with Sir Julian Inglis, both men were standing in the deep window-embrasure of one of the principal London clubs.

"Yes, I knew him," returned the old diplomatist, speaking thoughtfully, as his mind traveled back into the past. "What is more, I was happy to do the young fellow a service once. He had come up from college, and was just then leading a fast life in London, which very soon plunged him into debt and brought him into disgrace with his father. Loudon had kept him too tight, which never answers. So young Robert got into a wild set and knew few of his father's acquaintance. Well, he became embarrassed once, and, being sorry for the lad, I was very glad, on happening to learn the circumstances, to help him when in a bad plight. I never saw him afterwards; but I think he ought to remember the matter, if this is the real man."

"Let me try him. Come and call," suggested Islay, eagerly.

The old man smiled, but consented.

The name of Sir Julian Inglis produced no effect however. Lord Loudon's carriage—a brougham—was waiting at the door of Loudon House. Sir Julian accordingly sent up a message, hoping the young Duke would be at home, but would nevertheless be glad to see him for a few minutes if possible. The usual excuse followed. Lord Loudon was sorry, but was just going to drive.

Sir Julian shook his head.

"It looks strange, I own. I thought he would have been at home."

On the following afternoon Islay stood holding Guelda's hand in a farewell brotherly clasp.

"Keep up your courage! I am pretty sure to bring back news of some kind. God bless you! And—look here—I've tried in vain to see Ethel and tell her about you; but it's of no avail. They told me that for six weeks or so still she would open no letters or hear any news to tell her outside world which might distract her mind. I tried to insist; but a nun of some kind—I could see little difference, though it is called a Church of England community—and Sister Griselda to receive was directed by the highest motives and not to be shaken. Fancy my sister, who has always been so kind-hearted and sensible, shutting herself up like that from all our troubles! I cannot tell you how it vexes me! If only she were here now!"

"She will be her old self again when we do see her. Don't be troubled on my account. I shall do famously now," answered Guelda, forcing a cheerfulness on parting with this good friend which she was far from feeling.

"Then you mean to follow up this plan you and Sir Julian have struck out together, of singing at private parties? I wish it were otherwise, Guelda. If you would only accept this loan from me which I have arranged for with my lawyers?"

"Ah, Islay, you are indeed the best of friends! But you have never had to learn how bitter it is to borrow; it is hard to maintain oneself, even if one has to toil far harder than by singing for one's daily bread. Thank you from my heart all the same; but Sir Julian has already procured me the evening engagements, and has held out golden hopes of more. If this goes on, I shall grow quite cheerful soon."

"I trust so," said Islay doubtfully. "But I hate the idea of your singing for perhaps any vulgar *parvenu* Hodge pleases to employ you. And, as to what Roland will think—"

"Say no more!" interrupted Guelda, with sharp pain. "I must not remember any longer what he may wish. My poor little brother that helpless, neglected child—he is the only one now whom it is my duty to consider. I must work to keep myself now, but must think of him always and of how best to help him. The necklace of pearls that Benjamin is keeping for me I have decided to sell to my service. So long as possible I will not sell it to use a penny of the money for myself; but, when the time comes, he shall have it all to fight his good cause."

"May it prosper!" said Islay fervently, then added, low and composedly, "you remember I am always to be Benjamin's shop! Perhaps you wondered what I was doing. The fact, is not knowing about thi—ahem!—delay, I thought you do not know much of how we lived while I could not find you, I went to see Benjamin about getting some diamonds set, as I fancied, for a wedding-present for you. Well there—I hope you will wear them yet. Keep up your spirits; Ronald will come back all right;" and, wringing Guelda's hand once more, he was gone.

A few hours later a simple-mannered passenger, Mr. Airlie by name, was standing on the deck of a great steamer bound for Australia.

CHAPTER XXX.

As the chill touch of winter began to strip the green and brass off their summer bravery, Lady Grizel's whole future life seemed to herself suddenly blighted. Day by day she, so in duty bound, entertaining her brother's guests, the duke's sister looked at the heavy moors over which they rode or drove, and thought in her own proud heart that just as the brown leaves dying away, turned from brown and sodden and dead, so were the hopes of all her life hitherto now withered to black ness.

Grizel was neither blind to her brother's pain and disappointment on hearing of Guelda's engagement to Ronald Airlie nor was she unsympathetic.

"But he is a man. He will get over his chagrin soon, and some other girl will most likely fill his heart at the renewal of pride; and just as probably I shall dislike her intensely!" thought her ladyship, in bitter scornfulness.

Had Islay stayed at home Lady Grizel might have found partial forgetfulness of her own woes in trying to console him. But he, being a man, preferred to come and away and to have chance of scene. So he went yachting to the Mediterranean, little guessing that the sister he truly loved and left behind him carried a secret sorrow in her heart as heavy as his own.

"Men have the best of it!" thought Grizel, almost fiercely, pacing up and down her room with agitated steps. "Love is all to us—a passing fancy to them. He has cared for only these two women; both times—I feel my life, since I was a little tiny girl, I have given all my best love, my best thoughts to Ronald Airlie! And yet a man can somehow run away from his big grief and yachtt, shoot big game, find excitement, and risk his life; while we must control ourselves and smile and live monotonous, uninteresting, well-bred just the same as ever. Oh, it is maddening! Then, after a while, Lady Grizel said to herself, "I will renounce the world and go into a sister-hood."

Six weeks after the Duke of Islay had started for Australia, Grizel stood one afternoon in a room more than half transformed into a nunnery of appearance. A pile of letters lay on her table, for the time of her self-enforced seclusion was past. But only two of them she opened have agitated fingers, and at the second she was staring with an expression of poignant, almost horror-stri-ken self reproach. Both were from Ronald Airlie. Ethel had begged to say farewell—perhaps for ever—on leaving for the seat of war in Egypt; and she had not known that! The second contained but a few lines written in haste.

"Dearest Grizel—We are just going into action. It will most likely be a severe engagement. I beseech you, as the nearest to me by last earthly request, be a friend to Guelda Seaton. Save her, if Islay will not. Shield the unhappy girl from the terrible fate you must have seen hinted at it in the newspapers. I cannot bear to write more."

The letter bore a recent date.

Grizel stood a little while as if transfixed. Then she caught at the pile of other letters, tossed many aside, tore open Islay's letters, read them from first to last—now very coldly—for help. All—all had the same refrain—"If you were here, all would go well!" And she sank down in her old kneeling posaunes for her own good, deaf to the prayers of those she loved.

Sister Griselda had not yet taken any final vows. That next hour she left her seclusion swiftly; that very night she was in London inquiring for Guelda. All the next day and many more, she inquired—all in vain.

Islay, in his last letter, written before starting for Australia, had briefly explained the circumstances of Guelda's situation, and recommended her to his sister's care. If happily the latter left her sisterhood, as he trusted and hoped, his lawyers would be able to give Guelda's address.

But Lady Grizel applied to them without result. Until a week before Guelda had been supporting herself by singing at private parties. She was living in lodgings that, though very moderate, were clean and cheerful. The Duke's lawyer was finding her a room there still, for she had promised to keep in communication with them.

Grizel herself visited the rooms. A song was still propped open on the cottage piano which the poor girl had hired. Some trifles of work lay on the table, with a needle still stick-ing in one, as if recently flung down. All that the people of the house could say was that one day she had gone out for a walk as usual, but had not returned.

No tidings had come of her. She had taken none of her clothes away. For the second time Guelda Seaton had vanished. Islay had given him to as utterly as if the earth had swallowed her up.

When the certainty of Guelda's disappearance became incontrovertable fact, after days of hopeless searching and waiting for news, Lady Grizel's state of mind was one of sharpest self searching, mingled with bitter self-reproach.

"What will Ronald say?" she would ask herself one minute—Ronald, "I had said, my! What will they both think of me?" She had seen with her own eyes how poorly Guelda had lately lived—had heard with her own ears that she was in trouble—had seen with the keenness of pity the lonely girl had endured, as Islay's old and trusted lawyer told her. "Miss Seaton was nearly starving!" he said simply, the Duke having given him the bare outline of the girl's first struggles alone in London.

Heavens! Guelda had been hungry from necessity, while Lady Grizel had been willfully inflicting fasting on herself as a wholesome discipline, yet knowing all the while that food was within her reach should nature imperatively need it! Though she had lain hard from choice, in the distance the portals of Islay House had ever stood open, ready to welcome her back to the loving care that had always shielded her from every rough blast—to ease and luxuries. Meanwhile Guelda was almost an outcast, desperately striving to maintain life, the necessity of which she had taught life sweetest—liberty—and that in the most frightful way. What a mockery Grizel's late vow of the monastic life seemed in the chastisement, the penitences Sister Griselda had lately endured, shrank to nothing before the deep repentance that now overwhelmed her.

"Guelda will be lamed, I know, if I have blind and deaf! Why did I fly to solitude the moment my common share of human suffering was laid upon me? Selfish—selfish! I thought only of my own miserable self, and tried to find peace by shutting out the world's noises from my ears. Now I have wakened up to find that I was wanted, but was absent—that I have failed in the most simple duty of helping my neighbor! And where is my peace of mind?" Truly it was fled; though perhaps the dull apathy that had settled down upon the late novice in her cell could not deserve the name of sweet peace.

Grizel had tried to humble her body as a sister; now she was chastened to the recesses of her soul. Her thoughts were scourges as she pictured those she needed her in vain. Her lip curled in contempt as she recalled with clearer mental vision her late life—the early rising and long hours spent over the wash-tub, or whole days when she, a duke's daughter, had remained on her knees scrubbing stone floors, lest a new proud mistress think she would yield her rank. She was not proud now.

Grizel, however, by no means judged the other sisters' devotion by her own. Those who had entered the cloister in the nursing the poor—those who taught and toiled, having honestly and piously dedicated themselves to such work, could be proud in humility—she honored most highly. But she condemned herself for shirking pain under plea of seeking other higher and more meritorious work. True humility had begun to work in her mind like leaven, and she murmured low, "*Peccavi!*"

Upon the same day that she uselessly sought the Duke's lodgings, Lady Grizel read aloud the late newspapers eagerly for an account of the battle anticipated by Ronald in his last letter. Lady Ellen had seemed to forget almost all England had known days before; and, scanning the list of killed and wounded, she suffered a fresh pang at seeing the words, "Captain Airlie, severely."

Airlie wounded. Guelda missing, Islay absent—this was the roll call of her best-loved.

Even while in the first flush of her eager endeavors to find Guelda, while driving several times a day to the office of the Duke's lawyers to hear of some tidings from him with almost frantic zeal to every exertion possible, Lady Grizel found means to telegraph for news of Airlie.

Guelda raged in her own mind. Should she endeavor to go out as a hospital nurse to tend him? He would not long for her hand to smooth his brow; he would be hard to see him daily and know he was yearning for another. Yet to her generous soul the thought was sweet of restoring him by her means to Guelda. Alas! after inquiries, her ladyship learnt that experience and training were indispensable! Otherwise how many wives, sisters and sweethearts would not implore leave to go and nurse their loved ones in time of war! An answer came that Capt. Airlie was no worse than critical wounds were; and with this message, which showed him hovering between life and death, Grizel had to satisfy her hungry, troubled heart.

Still Grizel could find no clue to find Guelda. The lost girl's tall, lissom figure and glorious hair came back to her mental vision—the sweet face and dreaming brown eyes, like jewels with a warm glow in their depths, which tried to win women's liking as much as that of men—a sly grace that in former days poor Grizel had secretly called Guelda's "woodland way." How the vision of the Lily Maid, as Islay had termed Guelda on that farewell day, rose to call, seemed to rise before her in a vivid picture!

"I loved her at first; and then I was jealous. If only I could see her and tell her how I love her, or ask up to her for the past!" sighed Lady Grizel, who had indeed loved her lost friend with an intensity of devotion passing the love of most women.

She felt so useless, this warm hearted, haughty, brown complexioned daughter of the Northern Islay—useless and helpless! Lately been so proud in secret of being known as inseparable from her brother, his right hand, people said! Though so young, she had not only been mistress of his princely homes in England and Scotland, but a leader of society by virtue of her own force of character.

"I, who some one needed me!" she lamented low in her heart.

Presently a flood of shame dyed her cheeks—somewhat paled during her sense of desolation—a deeper crimson by far than even their old rich glow. She raised her head in angry defiance against the calumnious innuendoes that she, had she only been could have avenged.

Then, in a storm of tears, she fell upon her knees and prayed, as she had never prayed before, that her worse fate might not be that—that Guelda might yet be alive, and saved either from having fallen into her uncle's clutches or from seeking to destroy herself in despair.

"If she has been spirited away by this Lord Loudon, I will find her, though I should have to turn over every house in London!" But, if she has committed suicide—and it looks as if these slanders against her fair fame had been the cause—then, Heaven help me, that I shall never be able to forgive myself!" cried Lady Grizel, almost in despair.

What these slanders were which she feared had driven Guelda to the last fatal step she was yet to learn.

CHAPTER XXXI.

When Islay sailed for Australia, six weeks before, Guelda had judged it wiser to leave his house, in spite of his wish that she should stay and be waited on by his housekeeper and servants.

Once more she went into lodgings; but this time she was pleasantly housed. Islay had insisted on leaving her a large sum of money to start with, which Guelda hoped to repay soon by what she should earn from singing at private parties.

This last was the suggestion of Sir Julian Inglis; and the good old man made himself happily and fussily busy for a week in many ways, and succeeded in procuring for Guelda several friendly offers of engagements for his young friend, "the beauty of last season." How glad Sir Julian was that Guelda had diplomatist again! With what anxious eagerness she retold, and with what deep interest he listened to, the story of her life since Islay had given him the outlines! No one else but Islay's lawyer and Sir Julian was to be in the secret of Guelda's suspicions concerning Lord Loudon. Sir Julian was naturally sought out by Islay as a confidant, not only because, as Guelda's old friend, he would be a protector for her during the absence of her brother, because he was one of the wisest and discreetest of advisers in society. No man had been told more of women's secrets in his day; no man was more careful in keeping them.

Sir Julian considered "matters looked just a little queer certainly for the new Lord Loudon." He thought and hummed and hesitated, perplexed.

"Of course, my dear girl, the man has behaved villainously to you; but still, in my experience, real uncles have been known to do the same. Strange about the will being lost too—very strange. And you and your little brother left pennless—dear me, dear me! Yet—if you will not think me a Goth for saying so—women's imaginations are so quick, they do sometimes run away with them. The real Robert Seaton might—mind, I only say 'might'—have tampered with your grandfather's will, and then hate you as people are apt to hate those they have injured. Then you showed dislike of him—suspicion. He thought of a terrible revenge. All this is only a too well-known tale without supposing him an impostor. Yet it is strange he refused to see us."

This last was the only point which Sir Julian seemed to regard as strong condemnatory evidence against the accused. Guelda grew pale at the sequence of events; but the more her mother-in-law hinted and hummed and hesitated, the more her old friend adduced cautious objections to the conviction that she declared she felt to be certainty.

"How hard it is to convince men!" she cried. "You all look so coolly, so slowly, first on one side of the question, and then on the other. That is fair enough; but then you keep balancing the merits of both, though one is right and the other is wrong, till we feebler creatures grow quite confused with hearing you as to which is which."

"Men, in fact, deliberate carefully, as you say," Sir Julian, smiling; "but, once having make up our minds as to which is the right side, we keep to our opinion."

"We feel which is right," asserd Guelda triumphantly.

Her old friend left her the last word, only mildly observing—

"Well, when Islay comes back we shall know for certain; meanwhile it is best just to watch events quietly. Don't fight an enemy who is unknown; don't expose yourself to your allies and ready to back you up. I wish that my doctors had not ordered me to the Riviera; but they say I must avoid the spring east winds here. However, keep still—keep still."

In his heart he thought Guelda had been impulsive, and jumped rashly to a conclusion—most women did—but he was not sure.

When Sir Julian left to sun himself by the olive-clad Mediterranean shore, Guelda missed his cheery visits and Islay's kind voice. Though she had had only a few days of the society of both, those had been like a gleam of sunshine from the old bright life piercing the gloom. Now she was solitary again, yet no much better off than a little while ago! No more haunting dread—no prospect of utter ruin; for Islay had insisted that in case of urgent need she should apply to his lawyers, who had instructions to watch over her; and Guelda promised, also, to keep with n call of these same lawyers, and to do nothing much nor change her address without consulting them.

The night came of Miss Seaton's first party—not as a guest, but as a drawing room singer. It was at a house she had often visited during the previous summer with her grandfather; and the hostess was a woman of such a kindly heart and gracious manner that she received her young performer with no less warmth of welcome than eight months before.

"And there is the Duke of Islay, my dear? You know him so well, of course you can tell us. We are all wondering what has become of him."

"I am very sorry, but indeed I cannot tell you," was the only answer Guelda could summon on the spur of the moment; and she was inwardly ashamed of what seemed a fib, but she could not, because she dared not, tell, lest the report might reach the new Lord Loudon's ears.

"Gone to shoot big game, the papers say. Is that true, Guelda?" asked the hostess, ignoring Guelda's disclaimer; for the latter had been so much "talked of" with the Duke that it was really a matter of necessary knowledge in society to know if he was gone, and Guelda dropped her or not, and Airlie's engagement had not generally been known.

"Big game! Oh, yes, I should think he will try for some!" vaguely replied poor Guelda.

Her ease and self-control baffled the hostess, who rightly concluded Islay's affair was off—indeed one might have known that, or the girl would never have gone out as a singer. Good-natured as ever, she and her friend her luck with bright inquiries to fresh arrivals.

Many more well known faces greeted Guelda. The fact of her missing her promised fortune was widely known and excited much commiseration three months before. The late beauty was accordingly most kindly welcomed. Yet the sympathetic manner of some were often a little brief, for the kindly speakers were in a hurry to push their way through the crush to talk to friends or "those new people," and settle coming parties or angle for invitations. They could not linger near the piano, where Guelda kept beside a few professionals.

Presently came the dreaded moment.

"Miss Seaton, would you kindly sing for us now?"

(To be Continued.)

Hints for the Housewife.

Remove spots from furniture with kerosene. If removed at once and rubbed in very lightly the white spots on tables caused by hot plates.

Coffee is improved by keeping in a cool, dry place, it loses its flavor if kept long after browning.

To preserve the elasticity of india-rubber, wash it five or six times a year with slightly alkaline water.

What this country needs is more hu bands to keep their wives' scissors and kitchen knives sharp.

The best way when hot grease has been spilled on the floor is to dash cold water over it, when it will quickly and prevent it striking into the boards.

In mixing mustard for table use never add vinegar, which destroys its life and flavor. Use water moistening it, and let the water become blood warm.

Oilcloths should never be washed in hot soapsuds; they should first be wiped off with a cold water then rubbed dry with a cloth wet in milk. The same treatment applies to a stone or slate floor.

A teaspoonful or more of powdered borax thrown into the bath tub while bathing will communicate a velvety softness to the water, and is very beneficial to invalids and yet the bather. Persons troubled with nervousness or wakeful nights will find this kind of a bath of great benefit.

Essence of peppermint is a pleasant, warm aromatic; comfortable to most stomachs, not heating as does the use of ginger, good for colic and sick stomach. Dose, from one to a grown person. For infant, one-half to two drops in a teaspoonful of water. Add one drop to a teaspoonfuls of water and give one teaspoonful of this.

One of the nicest contrivances for keeping knives, forks and tablespoons is a rack tacked on the pantry door. Make this of enamel cloth, and line with red canton flannel, stitching small divisions to fit each article. The canton flannel will absorb all moisture that may be left on these articles.

When one is surprised by company, and has nothing in the house but a few slices of stewed apple-sauce, an attractive dish may be made as follows: Heat the apple-sauce quickly over the fire, with two tablespoonfuls, or more, if needed, of gelatine. Pour it into a mold, and set in the coolest place you can find, on ice, if possible. Turn it out when cold, and stick almond kernels over the top and serve in small dishes with whipped cream.

The Glass of Fashion.

"Ah," said Mr. Scourplate grimly, as he adjusted his necktie, "we've to put hup with the airs of those society people hall day; but when e'ening comes, me boy, they show wot the truly gentleel is by puttink on the dress that we wear all day!"

"That's so," replied Mr. Crumbcloth, with a grave nod; "you are a great 'ead, 'Pummus; we waiters be the real leaders of fashion."

WITCH HAZEL;

Or, THE SECRET OF THE LOCKET.

By MRS. GEORGIE SHELDON,

Author of "Geoffrey's Victory," "Brownie's Triumph," "The Forsaken Bride," etc.

CHAPTER XXXI.—CONTINUED.

In spite of all Lord Nelson's efforts to keep the affair from gaining publicity, several accounts of it got into the newspapers, together with a description of the contested necklace, and also of the beautiful girl who had been accused of having stolen it, and when the hour set for continuing the case arrived, the court-room was filled to overflowing with curious and eager spectators, who were anxious to learn how the mysterious affair would be decided.

To the dismay of Hazel's counsel and friends, Percy's evidence did not appear to have the weight and influence they had confidently anticipated. Indeed, the opposing counsel did not hesitate to say—even as Hazel had at first feared—that it looked like a poorly trumped-up affair without a shadow of tangible evidence to substantiate it. The deception that they had practiced did not redound to the credit of either, in spite of the fair prisoner's pretty story of self sacrifice for the sake of the young doctor's reputation. They had no way of proving that any necklace or money had been found upon Miss Gray's person when she had been saved from that sinking vessel—if indeed there had been any sinking vessel in the first place—save Dr. Morton's word, which, in his opinion, was worth no more than that of Miss Gay. They had both admitted that neither the lighthouse-keeper's assistant nor his housekeeper had known of those treasures, all knowledge of them having been carefully concealed from them.

Thus he went on, taking up point after point in Percy's evidence, and calmly rebutting it, showing in a logical way that nothing had been really proved in Hazel's favor, after all, and that the case stood exactly where it had done previous to its adjournment.

Percy looked blank, and the duchess and Lord Nelson were almost in despair.

Hazel's counsel made his final plea, and it was an eloquent argument in her defence. The judge then gave his charge, and the jury withdrew to consult upon the verdict.

They were not gone long, though it seemed ages to those anxious hearts who were trembling for Hazel's fate, and the grave expression on their faces, as they filed back to their places, did not serve to reassure them.

But just at this moment, there was a slight stir in the rear of the room near the door, and a woman entered and made her way with eager steps toward the judge, while an expression of astonishment rested on many a face at her appearance.

"Am I too late to testify upon this case, your honor?" the lady questioned, anxiously addressing the judge.

"You are somewhat late, madam," the judge courteously replied, "but the jury have not yet rendered their verdict, and if you have anything of importance to offer we will listen to it."

"Is the diamond necklace in question here?" the lady asked.

"It is; the counsel for the prosecution has charge of it."

"Will you allow me to examine it?"

"Certainly, madam;" and the judge ordered it to be handed to her, while every eye in the room, his own not excepted, was fixed upon her in astonishment and eager curiosity.

The duchess and her party watched her with breathless interest. Hazel sat like a beautiful statue, her face as colorless as the snowy handkerchief in her lap. The Stewarts also appeared strangely agitated by this unexpected interruption, Helena especially, and becoming scarcely less white than Hazel.

The woman took the necklace from the case, her hands trembling visibly as she did so, and examined each link with the closest attention, while a breathless hush pervaded the court-room.

Suddenly she gave a slight start, her face lighted, and she turned with an air of assurance to the judge.

"Well, madam, what have you to offer regarding the case?" he asked, observing her earnestly.

She was very pale, even to her lips, but she replied in a tone that could be heard in every part of the room:

"This necklace belongs neither to Mrs. Stewart nor to the young lady known as Miss Gay—it is mine!"

Intense excitement prevailed throughout the room at this startling statement.

Mrs. Stewart started indignantly from her seat, as if about to utter an indignant protest against anything so absurd, but sank back again, speechless, upon second thought.

Helena looked absolutely frightened for a moment, then turned with a smile of scornful incredulity to the prosecuting attorney, to ascertain his opinion of such a preposterous assertion.

His face was inscrutable, but he was watching the woman with the closest attention.

Hazel had given a startled, half articulate cry, when she heard the confident declaration, and then turned her wide, wondering eyes upon Percy, who looked strangely perplexed and troubled.

"Percy! Percy!" she whispered, with a tremulous eagerness, and clasping her trembling hands about his arm. "Is it likely that what she says is true?"

"It cannot be possible," he muttered, with a frown, "unless——"

"Unless what?"

"Unless that man on shipboard stole it from some one there and clasped it about your neck; for I took it from you with my own hands."

"No, no, that is not a reasonable solution at all, Percy," Hazel returned, almost hysterically. "Don't you see—don't you see," she continued, growing more excited, "what it means if it is true? If that necklace is hers, then—she is my mother?

"Good Heaven, Hazel! I never thought of that!" he returned, astonished. "I had only thought that her claim might get us into deeper trouble."

"Hark!" Hazel said, leaning forward to listen, as the judge, after commanding order, addressed the woman before him.

"You have made a very astonishing declaration, madam," he said, gravely, "but, of course, you understand that it must be proved, and that you must be sworn before it can be received as evidence."

"Your honor, I am ready to be sworn," she quietly replied.

The officer was called, and the oath administered; then she was requested to step into the witness-box, which she did with an air of confidence and composure which impressed every one.

"Now, madam, we are ready for the proof of what you have stated," said the judge, settling himself to listen.

"May I be allowed to ask a single question first?"

"Certainly."

"How was Mrs. Stewart enabled to identify this necklace as hers? Was there any private mark upon it by which she could do so?"

The judge turned to the attorney for the prosecution, indicating that he was to explain.

"No," he replied, with some curtness, "there is no mark upon it, as the witness must have observed for herself, since she has examined it so carefully."

"I have never seen Mrs. Stewart's necklace," composedly replied the witness.

"You have it in your hands," retorted the attorney, determined to stick to his point.

"The gentleman is mistaken, your honor," was the polite rejoinder. "I again affirm that this necklace is mine; and, furthermore, that it is marked in a way that cannot be questioned."

"Your honor, this is all folly; there is no mark upon the trinket; it has been most carefully examined again and again," reiterated the attorney, flushing angrily.

"Let the witness prove to the contrary, if she can," said the judge, authoritatively.

The lady smiled slightly, busied herself a moment with one of the links of the necklace, and then passed it up to the judge.

As he took it he saw that the under portion of the link was attached to the crown by a hinge, and opened with a secret spring concealed beneath one of the stones. On the side next the crown there was a tiny likeness of a little child's face, on the other there was engraven a name and a date.

The countenance of the judge showed plainly that he was convinced of the truth of the witness' claim before he uttered a word, and a silence that was absolutely painful pervaded the room, while every eye was fixed, as if fascinated, upon him—every heart stood still with suspense, waiting for confirmation.

The man arose, holding the contested treasure in his hand, while light flashed in a thousand gleams of gorgeous hues from the precious stones, as if in triumph over the victory of truth.

"It is marked," he said, in a clear sonorous voice that thrilled every ear and heart. "The proof is absolute, for I read here a name and a date—'EMELIE GERARD, June 1st, 1866.'"

CHAPTER XXXII.

HAZEL IS PRONOUNCED "NOT GUILTY."

For several minutes after this announcement, the long suppressed sympathies and emotions of the many listeners and spectators had to have vent, and the room rang with vigorous applause and enthusiastic expressions to testify to their delight that the fair girl, who had excited so much interest by her beauty and apparent innocence, had proved a substantial evidence which had so nearly convicted her, was at last absolved from all suspicion of wrong.

But these vociferous manifestations were soon checked by the authoritative rapping of the judge; and every ear was strained, eager to learn more of the strange story that was to follow in further explanations.

"I cannot believe it," cried Mrs. Stewart, looking very pale and anxious, while her eyes were fixed wistfully upon that scintillating necklace which the judge still held.

"Heavens! it does not seem possible," muttered Helena, who had sunk back in her seat, as if suddenly bereft of all strength and life, when the scathing truth fell upon her ears.

The prosecuting attorney arose, looking as if he, too, were overwhelmed by the unexpected *denouement*, went to the judge to get the necklace, and then, after a careful examination of both picture and inscription, took it to Mrs. Stewart to convince her that, after all her assertions to the contrary, there had been a duplicate of her costly piece of jewelry.

"Is your name Emelie Gerard?" questioned the judge, again turning to Mrs. Earlescourt, for, of course, she has been recognized before this.

"That was my maiden name," she replied, "and that necklace was a wedding gift from my father. I went with him to select it, as he had told me that I could choose for myself what I liked best. There were two in the establishment exactly alike, to the last touch—that one had a small locket underneath one of the jeweled links; but it was so skillfully concealed that no one could discover it, or the spring that fastened it, unless the secret was first explained. My father purchased this one, and had it marked with my name and the date of my marriage. Two years later I had the picture of my baby girl inserted in the locket."

Mrs. Earlescourt paused here, as if overcome by some painful remembrance, while Hazel, her beautiful eyes fixed hungrily upon the speaker, her face as colorless as alabaster, involuntarily reached out her arms as if she longed to embrace her, and every individual in the room waited breathlessly for what should follow.

"Three years afterward, in May," pursued Mrs. Earlescourt, "I was obliged to come abroad—my home was in America—with my invalid mother; her physician said that she must have an immediate change of climate, or she could not live three months, and, as there was no one else to come with her, I was forced to leave my family and accompany her. She is present here to-day, and will add her testimony to mine if it is thought necessary," she interposed, glancing toward the rear of the room.

"She improved rapidly," she resumed, turning again to the judge; "in two months she was nearly as well as ever, and we then decided to travel a year or so in Europe, my husband promising to join us and bring our little daughter with him, sometime in November, when we proposed to go to Italy to spend the winter. I did not expect to go into society when I left home, and consequently brought with me but very few ornaments. But upon changing my plans I wrote to my husband to bring, when he came, my necklace and some other valuable articles of jewelry, which had been deposited before I left home in a safety vault in the city where we resided. He, with our child and her maid, sailed in the ill-fated City of Boston, which left New York some time in November of that year, and which was never heard of afterward; and, from that time until last evening, when I read the particulars of this case, the trial of which was to be resumed to day, I believed myself doubly bereft by that wreck. No—I know that my daughter lives!"

She turned her face toward Hazel as she said this, a tremulous smile of infinite tenderness hovering about her beautiful lips. But the excitement was too much for her—her strength failed suddenly and she leaned weakly against the railing of the box for support.

Some one quickly placed a chair for her, gently seated her in it and then held a glass of water to her lips.

But Hazel, after those heart-thrilling words by which her mother claimed her—after eye not eye in one long, wistful, ecstatic glance, dropped her pretty head upon Percy's shoulder and quietly fainted away.

Dr. Morton and Lord Nelson quickly bore her from the court-room to a small ante-room near by, where they laid her upon a lounge.

The duchess, feeling very anxious, followed to lend her assistance in applying restoratives.

"Poor child!" said Lord Nelson, hanging over her with great solicitude, "the excitement has been too much for her strength. Do you think the attack will prove serious?" turning to Percy. "I could not bear it if anything should happen to her now."

Percy Morton lifted a white, startled face to the young lord, and the look of serious questioning in his eyes brought a bright flush to Lord Hartwell's cheek as he realized that he had betrayed himself to him.

"No," Percy replied, as he returned back to Hazel, "this is only a momentary prostration after the strain and anxiety that she had been enduring ever since the beginning of this dreadful affair; she is reviving even now," and, almost before he had ceased speaking, Hazel opened her eyes and looked eagerly around.

"My mother!" she breathed, looking wistfully into the anxious faces bending over her.

Her grace stooped down and kissed her, tears in her lovely old eyes.

"My dear child," she said, tenderly, "your mother will soon be released, and then I know she will come immediately to you."

"How wonderful it all seems! I could almost believe this last hour but a vivid dream," said the young girl, with a faint smile.

"It is, indeed, wonderful," her grace returned, "and you will always have reason to bless this day in spite of its trials."

"This is true," remarked Percy, gravely. "I cannot express how I shrank from the publicity of this affair. I would almost have given my right hand to have saved Hazel from this trial, and I have entertained the most bitter and indignant feelings against Mrs. Stewart because she would not settle the matter and relinquish the prosecution. But now I see that if she had it is doubtful if Hazel would have found her mother. If the case had never come to trial, if the newspapers had not published an account of it, the secret of her parentage might never have been revealed."

"Yes, yes; all things are overruled for good by those who love Him," said her grace, tremulously and reverently.

Meanwhile, still further explanations were being made in the court-room.

When Hazel was borne out fainting, Mrs. Earlescourt started up as if eager to follow her; but the counsel for the defence said reassuringly,

"The young lady is only momentarily overcome, and will be properly cared for. Pray be seated for a few minutes longer, then you shall be released."

The lady sank back in her chair and turned her attention again to the judge, who was regarding her with kindly interest.

"Madam," he remarked, with a slight smile, "we have allowed you to tell your story in your own way without much regard for formality. Now, however, it will be necessary for you to answer a few questions. First, what is your present name?"

"Emelie Earlescourt."

"And your husband's?"

"Adrian Earlescourt."

The judge started slightly. He knew the honorable gentleman well, although he had never before met his brilliant and accomplished wife.

"You have stated previous to this that you were married in 1866," he resumed. "That reference was, of course, to a former marriage. Will you state the name of the gentleman to whom you were then united?"

"Alfred Graham, of Chicago, in the State of Illinois, America."

"And your father's name and residence?"

"Gerard Gerard, of the same city."

"The necklace which you have just identified was presented to you by your father upon the occasion of your marriage with Alfred Graham of Chicago?"

"It was."

"Have you the certificate of that marriage?"

"I have," and Mrs. Earlescourt took a folded paper from her reticule as she spoke and passed it to Hazel's counsel, adding: "As I have previously stated, Mrs. Gerard, my mother, is also present, and she can testify to the truth of these statements, if required."

"This is all correct, your honor," Hazel's lawyer said, after examining the certificate, whereupon he gave it to the prosecuting attorney.

"The counsel for the prosecution can now question the witness if he desires to do so," the judge remarked, thus indicating that he had finished.

But that gentleman did not care to do so. He was convinced, at last, that the innocence of the accused had been established, and Mrs. Earlescourt was released from the box.

"Does your honor or the court wish Mrs. Gerard to be called?" Hazel's counsel now asked.

No, the judge did not think any further evidence necessary. He said that Mrs. Earlescourt had proved her property beyond a doubt, and also the innocence of the accused. He furthermore commanded the necklace to be given to her, and Emelie Earlescourt received the long lost treasure which for so many years she had believed to be lying at the bottom of the ocean.

Hazel's eyes were then instructed to a verdict of "not guilty," and word was at once sent out to Hazel that she was acquitted and released from custody.

Mrs. Stewart was greatly humiliated and distressed. Humiliated on account of her injustice and unkindness to Hazel, and distressed about the loss of her own necklace.

"It is the strangest thing in the world what can have become of mine," she said, while talking the matter over with the prosecuting attorney when the court had adjourned. "I was so sure that there was only one such necklace in the world. What can have been the fate of the other?"

"That is a mystery which remains to be solved," the gentleman returned; and just at that moment his glance chanced to fall upon Helena Stewart.

She was sitting like a statue, apparently unmindful of observation, not a particle of color in her face, a very peculiar expression about her beautiful mouth, a look in her eyes that might have been the result of various emotions; to the acute lawyer it seemed like baffled anger or intense hatred.

"She doubtless expected to inherit that valuable necklace sometime, and cannot tolerate the thought of losing it," he said to himself.

He continued to watch her furtively, while still conversing with her mother, and noticed that her baneful glance followed Mrs. Earlescourt, who was leaving the room just then, while the muscles about her mouth twitched almost convulsively.

As the door closed after Hazel's mother, she put her hand to her throat, gave vent to a quick, gasping breath, and then sprang to her feet.

"Let us go home, mamma," she said, in a hoarse, constrained tone, and apparently indifferent to the fact that she had rudely interrupted her conversation.

"Indeed, Helena, I am not going home until I have seen Hazel, and told her how sorry I am for this dreadful misunderstanding," Mrs. Stewart replied, in tones of displeasure.

"Mamma, you shall not!" the girl returned, in a passionate voice, a vivid scarlet mounting to her brow. "You shall never humble yourself to her."

Mrs. Stewart turned with surprise to her.

"But I have not used her well; it has lain heavy on my conscience that I ever let her go away from us."

"It is heavy on my conscience that we ever let her come into the house," Helena retorted, in the same tone as before.

She had seen Hazel when her head fell upon Dr. Morton's shoulders; she had seen how tenderly he had gathered her to his support, his face growing white with anxiety for her, and the sight had been absolute torture to her.

"Helena, you are losing control of yourself," said her mother, reprovingly. "Your speech and manner are as vindictive as if you actually hated the girl."

"I do!" she whispered, with such angry vehemence, in Mrs. Stewart's ear, that she gave a start of horror and bent a look of anxiety upon her; then, even while she gazed at her, a wonderful transformation took place in her countenance.

The look of hate suddenly died out of her eyes; the tense lines about her mouth relaxed, her haughty, statue-like mien melted into an attitude of graceful grace, and, in a moment, she had again become the beautiful, fascinating belle—all smiles, all sweetness and graciousness.

Percy Morton had returned to the court-room just then, and was making his way directly toward the two ladies.

Helena stepped forward to meet him, extending her perfectly gloved hand with her most charming smile.

"Your patient must be better, or you would not be here," she said, with a well assumed interest in Hazel; "and I suppose we ought to congratulate you both upon the happy termination of this affair, although we are sad losers by your victory."

"By the gods!" muttered the prosecuting attorney, who had witnessed the whole of this by-play, "that girl is a case: she's a deep one, and there is a good deal more about this matter than has been allowed to appear, or I'll lose my guess, as the Yankee says."

"Pot hot!" whispered a voice in his ear, and turning, the lawyer found himself face to face with the detective whom Mrs. Stewart had employed to search for her missing necklace.

"Bet what?" inquired the astonished counsel for the prosecution.

"Oh, you were showing off your knowledge of Yankee phraseology and I thought I'd go you one better, don't-cher-know!" coolly responded the man, significantly shutting up one eye, and bulging out his cheek with his tongue.

"Did you hear what I said?"

"Every word, and between you and me, those are my sentiments exactly. I've been watching this little game pretty closely all along and now and then have seen a thing or two I wasn't looking for. You've hit the nail pretty square on the head, but I mean to drive it home!"

The detective had stood just behind the attorney while speaking, and he was not seen by the ladies who were engaged with Dr. Morton; while, as he ceased speaking, he swung abruptly around and walked away leaving the attorney looking a trifle vexed and perplexed over his mysterious insinuations.

(To be Continued.)

Willing to Oblige.

Conductor—I'm afraid, sir, that you'll have to arrange your traps so as to give this lady a seat. The car is crowded.

Accommodating Traveling Man—Certainly. How will this do, ma'am?—*Puck.*

Thought They Had 'Em.

A most unique dinner party was recently given to a party of friends by a well known Boston yachtsman. The guests consisted of eighteen good men and true and a winter dozen and a half of *bons vivants* never stretched legs under mahogany. The host, aware of the absorbent capabilities of his guests, had arranged that each course should be doubly wet and every man was expected to do his duty. The centerpiece upon the table was of curious construction. It represented a miniature tropical hot house, oval-shaped and about four feet long. A glass covering protected the plants and flowers. The host had a surprise in store for his guests. When the Burgundy came to be served, all hands, seasoned as they were, were more or less affected by the liquid affluence, and, when the deep red was poured from a bottle about which was clinched a bronze dragon that mapped its eyes and shot out its tongue when the bottle was tipped, general consternation prevailed. Presently the glass cover was taken off the centerpiece and as chained bugs, beetles, lizards and a tame alligator issued forth, wild cries of horrors were uttered by some of the guests, and the less maudlin of the party fairly yelled with delight, and voted the original host a genius of the first—well, not of the first water.

One of His Peculiarities.

At the annual festival of the New England Society of Pennsylvania a number of years ago Mark Twain spoke in a most amusing vein on the Landing of the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock. After a desperate effort had been made by the long-hand reporters to get down all the funny things that the sleepy-eyed and disheveled-haired humorist was rolling off in his own droll way, without so much as a note to give him courage, Mr. Twain in his usual calm and deliberate manner plunged his hand into the tail pocket of his claw-hammer and produced a wad of paper. The wad proved to be newspaper slips of his speech in full, even to the paragraphs that every man in the room could not have failed to believe were extempore.

Proven to the Contrary.

Elinorah—Wasn't it you'se thot wor tellin' me thot wine kem in thot bashket?

Her Mistress—Is-s-s.

Elinorah—Then, be th' powers! you'se med a mistake, I'r Oi just poured in a couple o' quarts o' milk an' livery dhrop laked out.

A Natural Error.

Lady—Biddy, did I hear a man's voice in the kitchen just now?

Biddy—No, mum, Oi was alone.

Lady—I thought I heard a man's voice.

Biddy—No, mum, Oi was talkin' to meself and Oi'm a contralto.

It all Depends.

Teacher—Young ladies, I have been struck in the mouth by a spit ball. Who fired it?

Beauty of the class (ætat 17)—I did, sir.

Teacher—Ah! ... As I was saying, "Cæsar conquered Britain 55 before Christ."

Every Evidence of It.

Miss Guiless (gazing fondly at her father through the dining room door)—Dear me! How sad pa looks! To look at him, Mr. Rounder, you would never suspect him to be full of spirits, would you?

Mr. Rounder (critically)—Well, no, not exactly full yet, but he will be very shortly.

Wirt Fountain Pen

The greatest invention of the age. Writes the instant it touches paper and *never* fails. The cheapest and best on the market.

AGENTS WANTED.

Write for circulars.

CHAS. H. BROOKS

Canadian Agent,

Public Library Building, Toronto.

CHERRY MANTELS,

MAHOGANY MANTELS,

WALNUT MANTELS,

OAK MANTELS.

The Best Houses in Toronto fitted up with

MILLICHAMP'S MANTELS

SHOWROOMS:

31 Adelaide Street East, City.

Dunn's Mustard

J. YOUNG

THE LEADING UNDERTAKER

347 Yonge Street, Toronto.

TELEPHONE 678.

WE WILL SHOW FOR

THE XMAS TRADE

Five o'clock Tea Kettles

BANQUET LAMPS, PIANO LAMPS

CASES OF CUTLERY

Suitable for Wedding and Xmas Presents

HARRY A. COLLINS'

90 YONGE STREET

The Manufacturers' Life Insurance Company

AND

THE MANUFACTURERS' ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY

Are two separate and distinct Companies with full Government Deposit.

The Authorized Capital and other Assets are respectively $2,000,000 and $1,000,000

PRESIDENT: RT. HON. SIR JOHN A. MACDONALD, P. C., G. C. B.

VICE-PRESIDENTS: GEORGE GOODERHAM, ESQ., PRESIDENT OF THE BANK OF TORONTO, WILLIAM BELL, ESQ., MANUFACTURER, GUELPH.

AUDITORS: H. J. HILL, SECRETARY OF THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION ASSOCIATION, TORONTO, EDGAR A. WILLIS, SECRETARY BOARD OF TRADE, TORONTO.

J. B. CARLILE, MANAGING DIRECTOR, TORONTO, ONT.

POLICIES ISSUED ON ALL THE APPROVED PLANS. LIFE POLICIES PURCHASED AND ANNUITIES GRANTED.

PIONEERS OF LIBERAL ACCIDENT POLICIES!

Issues Policies of all kinds at moderate rates. Policies covering Employers' Liability for Accidents to their workmen, under the Workmen's Compensation for Injuries' Act, 1886. Best and most liberal form of Workmen's Accident Policies. Premium payable by easy instalments, which meets a long-felt want

AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

The Crazy Kate.

A NEW YEAR'S DITTY.

Go for a sail this mornin'? This way, yer honor, please.
Weather about? Lor' bless you, only a pleasant breeze:
My boat's out there in the harbor, and the man aboard's my mate;
Jump in, and I'll row you out, sir; that's her, the Crazy Kate.

Queer name for a boat, you fancy; well, so it is, maybe,
But Crazy Kate and her story's the talk o' the place, you see;
And me and my pardner knowed her—knowed her all her life—
We was both on us asked to the weddin' when she was made a wife.

Her as our boat's named arter was famous far and wide;
For years in all winds and weathers she haunted the harbor side,
With her great wild eyes a-starin' and a-strainin' across the waves,
Waitin' for what can't happen till the dead come out o' their graves.

She was married to young Ned Garling, a big brown fisher-lad;
One week a bride, and the next one a sailor's widow—and mad,
It was one Christmas morning he made the lass his wife,
He'd a smile for all the lasses, but she loved him all her life.

A rollickin' gay young fellow, we thought her too good for him,
He'd been a bit wild and careless—but married all taut and trim,
We thought as he'd mend his manners when he won the village prize,
And carried her off in triumph before many a rival's eyes.

But one week wed and they parted—he went with the fisher fleet—
With the men who must brave the tempest that the women and bairns may eat.
It's a rough long life o' partin's is the life o' the fisher folk,
And there's never a Winter passes but some good wife's heart is broke.

We've a sayin among us sea folk as few on us dies in bed—
Walk through our little churchyard and read the tale of our dead—
It's mostly the bairns and the women as is restin' under the turf,
For half o' the men sleep yonder under the rolin' surf.

The night Kate lost her husband was the night o' the fearful gale—
She stood on the shore that mornin' and had watched the tiny sail
As it faded away in the distance—bound for the coast o' France,
And the fierce wind bore it swiftly away from her anxious glance.

The boats that had sailed that mornin' with the fleet were half a score,
And never a soul among 'em came back to the English shore.
That New Year's night was a sad one—the eyes of the women red
With weeping for brothers and husband's or fathers among the dead.

Kate heard it soon as any—the fate of her fisher-lad—
But her eyes were wild and tearless; she went slowly and surely mad.
"He isn't drowned," she would murmur; "he will come again some day"—
And her lips shaped the self-same story as the long years crept away.

Spring and summer and autumn—in the fiercest winter gale,
Would Crazy Kate stand watchin' for the g'int of a far-off sail;
Stand by the hour together and murmur her husband's name—
For twenty years she watched there for the boat that never came.

She counte't the years as nothin'—the shock that had sent her mad
Had left her love forever a brave, young, handsome lad;
She thought one day she should see him, just as he said good-bye,
When he leapt in his boat and vanished where the waters touched the sky.

She was but a lass when it happened—the last time I saw her there
The first faint streaks o' silver had come in her jet-black hair;
And then a miracle happened—her mad, weird words came right,
For the fisher-lad came ashore, sir, one stormy New Year's night.

We were all of us watchin', waitin', for at dusk we'd heard a cry,
A far-off cry, round the headland, and strained was every eye—
Strained through the deep'nin' darkness, and a boat was ready to man—
When all of a sudden a woman down to the surf line ran.

'Twas Crazy Kate. In a moment, before what she meant was known,
The boat was out in the tempest—and she was in it alone.
She was out of sight in a second—but over the sea came a sound,
The voice of a woman cryin' that her long-lost love was found.

A miracle, sir, for the woman came back through the ragin' storm,
And there in the boat beside her was lyin' a lif'eess form.
She leapt to the beach and staggered, cryin', "Speak to me, husband, Ned!"
As the light of our lifted lanterns flashed on the face o' the dead.

It was him as had sailed away, sir—a miracle sure, it seemed.
We looked at the lad and knowed him, and fancied we must ha' dreamed—
It was twenty years since we'd seen him—since Kate, poor soul, went mad—
But there in the boat that New Year's lay the same brown handsome lad.

Gently we took her from him—for she moaned that he was dead—
We carried him to a cottage and we laid him on a bed;
But Kate came pushin' her way through and she clasped the lifeless clay,
And we hadn't the heart to hurt her, so we couldn't tear her away.

The news of the miracle traveled, and folks came far and near,
And the women talked of spectres—it had given 'em quite a sheer;
And the parson he came with the doctor down to the cottage quick—
They thought as us sea-folks' fancy had played our eyes a trick.

But the parson, who'd known Kate's husband, as had married 'em in a church,
When he saw the dead lad's features he gave quite a sudden lurch,
And his face was as white as linen—for a moment it struck him dumb—
I half expected he'd tell us as life Judgment Day was come.

The Judgment Day, when the ocean, they say, 'ull give up its dead;
What else meant those unchanged features, though twenty years had sped?

That night, with her arms around him, the poor mad woman died,
And here in our village churchyard we buried 'em side by side.

'Twas the shock, they said, as killed her—the s'ock o' seein' him dead.
The story got in the papers, and far and near it spread;
And some only half believed it—I know what you'd say, sir; wait—
Wait till you hear the finish o' this story o' Crazy Kate.

It was all explained one mornin' as clear as the light o' day,
And when we knowed we were happy to think as she'd passed away,
As she died with her arms around him, her lips on the lips o' the dead.
Believin' the face she looked on was the face o' the man she'd wed.

But the man she'd wed was a villain, and that she never knew—
He hadn't been drowned in the tempest; he only of all the crew
Was saved by a French ship cruising and carried ashore, and there
Was nursed to life by a woman—a French girl, young and fair.

He fell in love with the woman—this dare-devil heartless Ned,
And married her, thinkin' the other had given him up for dead,
He was never the man—and we'd said so—for a lovin' lass like Kate;
But he mightn't ha' done what he did, sir, if he'd known of her cruel fate.

'Twas his son by the foreign woman, his image in build and face,
Whose lagger the storm had driven to his father's native place—
'Twas his son who had come like a phantom out of the long ago.
On the spot where Kate had suffered God's hand struck Ned the blow.

We learnt it all from the parson when Ned came over the waves
In search o' the son he worshiped—and he found two fresh-made graves.
Dang!—what was that? Sit steady? Rowed right into you, mate!
I forgot where I was for a moment—I was tellin' the gent about Kate.

GEORGE R. SIMS, author of 'Ostler Joe.

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

ARLIDGE—On December 26, at Toronto, Mrs. J. Churchill Arlidge—a son.

HEAKES—On December 20, at Toronto, Mrs. Frank R. Heakes—a son.

ANDERSON—On December 24, at Toronto, Mrs. Wm. Andarson—a son.

SORLEY—On December 21, at St. John's, Que., Mrs. J. S. Sorley—a daughter.

FUDGER—On December 27, at Toronto, Mrs. H. H. Fudger—a son.

WATSON—On December 20, at Toronto, Mrs J. W. Watson—a son, still-born.

ALISON—On December 23, at Toronto, Mrs. M. B. Alison—a son.

PHILPOTT—On December 27, at Toronto, Mrs. F. V. Philpott—a daughter.

SCOTT—On December 25, at Montreal, Mrs. James Scott—a daughter.

INGLIS—On November 26, at Maimpuri, N. W. P., India, Mrs. T. Edward Inglis, formerly of Brantford, Canada—a daughter.

McDONALD—On December 25, at Toronto, Mrs. Thomas McDonal'—a daughter.

BRICKENDEN—On December 3, at London, Eng., Mrs. G. F. Brickenden—a son.

SHORT—On December 22, at London, Mrs. Reuben Short—a son.

ROBINSON—On December 31, at Toronto, Mrs. Charles Robinson—a daughter.

Marriages.

SCOTT—McGREGOR—On December 27, Dr. Scott of Claude, to Belle McGregor of Inglewood.

MURRAY—WEBSTER—At Georgetown, Rev. James Murray, M.A., B.D., of Hamilton, to Madge Webster of Georgetown.

MACKAY—BEITH—On December 27, at Bowmanville, William Mackay to Christina Beith.

GIBB—FITZPATRICK—On December 13, at Portage la Prairie, Man., James Thomson Gibb of Prospect, to Ida C. Fitzpatrick.

BRAYLEY-WILKINSON—On December 19, at Goderich, J. Burt Brayley of Toronto, to Ida V. Wilkinson.

ROBINSON—OLIVER—On December 26, at Toronto, James Robinson to Sarah Oliver of Garafraxa.

GREEN—RICHARDS—On December 22, at San Francisco, California, R. Henry C. Green, Esq., barrister-at-law, Toronto, to Mary Adeline, eldest daughter of the Hon. Stephen Richards, Q.C., formerly Commissioner of Crown Lands for the Province of Ontario.

COCKBURN—FREEMAN—On October 28, at Northampton, England, Thomas A. Cockburn of Montreal to Emily E. Freeman of Northampton, England.

HENDERSON—DUNCAN—On December 20, at Derby, Ont., William C. Henderson to Lizzie Duncan.

TAYLOR—NELSON—On December 25, at New Edinburgh, Ont., William R. Taylor to Florence Nelson.

TURNBULL—PEACOCK—On December 19, at Chatham, William Turnbull to Jennie D. Peacock.

NEILL—BLACKEY—On December 19, at Toronto, John N. Neill to Clara Page Blackey.

GARDINER—DUNTON—On December 26, Frederick Alfred Gardiner to Mary Alberta Dunton of Britannia.

PARRY—NODWELL—On December 26, Alex. G. Parry of Erin to Elizabeth Nodwell of Hillsburg.

SINCLAIR—BLACK—On December 26, at Rockwood, John Sinclair, assistant master Chatham Collegiate Institute, to Donalda Black of Erasmus, Wellington Co.

MARTIN—SPENCE—On January 1, at Toronto, Stephen T. Martin to Jennie Spence.

HUME—MATHER—On December 26, at Seymour, Alexander Hume to Jennie Mather.

Deaths.

JAFFRAY—On December 26, at Albion, John Jaffray, aged 67 years.

HENNING—On December 27, at Florence, Italy, Thomas Henning, aged 66 years.

PATERSON—On December 28, at Toronto, Charles Wm. Paterson, aged 20 years.

VANDEROEF—On December 25, at Hamilton, Mrs. Jane M. Vanderoef, aged 90 years.

DRAPER—On December 20, at Toronto, Mrs. Rebekah Draper.

BEATTIE—On December 30, at Annan, Dumfrieshire, Scotland, Simon Beattie.

NORMAN—On December 30, Mrs. Jane Norman, aged 57 years.

MAXWELL—On December 29, Mathew Maxwell, M.D., aged 34 years.

McWATERS—At Toronto, Robin Higginson McWaters, aged 12 years.

FIELD—On December 29, at Toronto, Robert C. Field.

HARDIE—On December 25, at Winnipeg, Walter Cavendish Hardie, of Toronto, aged 40 years.

JORDAN—On December 29, at Toronto, William Jordan, aged 81 years.

MILNE—On December 25, at Montreal, John A. Milne, aged 32 years.

MINSHALL—On November 6, at St. Thomas, Ont., Nelie Minshall, aged 15 years.

BLIZARD—On December 29, at London, Ont., David Blizard, aged 87 years.

SEAGER—On December 29, Alfred William Seager, aged 13 years.

HILL—On December 30, at Toronto, Arthur Bird Hill, aged 1 years.

REYNOLDS—On December 30, at Toronto, James W. Reynolds, post office department, aged 56 years.

CURTIS—On December 26, at Chicago, William H. Curtis, printer, late of Toronto.

HALDANE—On December 28, at Montreal, James Haldane, aged 84 years.

SMITH—On December 28, at Billings' Bridge, Gloucester, Christina Hunter Smith.

BROWN—On December 26, at Montreal, Thomas Storrow Brown, aged 56 years.

McKERROW—On December 27, at Montreal, Andrew McKerrow, aged 52 years.

McGUINN—On December 31, at Toronto, James McGuinn, aged 6 months.

Afternoon Receptions.

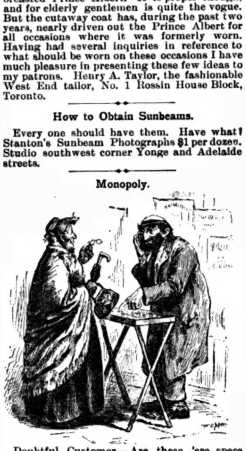
The distinguished difference between morning (or business) and afternoon dress lies mainly in the delicacy of the accompaniments to the garments worn rather than in any radical difference in the clothes that a man of taste dons in the afternoon. A lady not so many years ago wrote that she found to her surprise that the most expensive clothes, the most absolute compliance with the cut and shape in vogue, was not enough when she began to go into Toronto society. There must be added, style; and herein lies the difference between the man of taste and the man who conventionally follows merely the prevailing novelties. The man of taste will go home after bank hours, and in preparing himself for an afternoon reception will change his clothes from boots to hat. He will put on this season's pantaloons not too dark in color. The coat must be of dark cloth, the plain, rough Saxony or Vienna cloth, or one of the new wide wale diagonals; a cutaway, with three or four buttons, cut rather low in the neck, with vest cut as low, allowing ample space for the knot of a four-in-hand scarf.

He may, if he prefers it, wear a double-breasted Prince Albert. It is proper enough, and for elderly gentlemen is quite the vogue. But the cutaway coat has, during the past two years, nearly driven out the Prince Albert for all occasions where it was formerly worn. Having had several inquiries in reference to what should be worn on these occasions I have much pleasure in presenting these few ideas to my patrons. Henry A. Taylor, the fashionable West End tailor, No. 1 Rossin House Block, Toronto.

How to Obtain Sunbeams.

Every one should have them. Have what? Stanton's Sunbeam Photographs $1 per dozen. Studio southwest corner Yonge and Adelaide streets.

Monopoly.



Doubtful Customer.—Are these 'ere specs genuine crystal?

Merchant.—Chinoonine? Of you don't mention it, I tell you someding. My bruder Isidore has bought dot Crystal Palace in England, und is cutting him up into spectacles: dot makes dem so cheap—one dollar an' a helluf a pair!

The Waste Basket.

A glaring fraud—a glass eye.

Her Bosom Friend—Did your husband give you a kiss for Christmas? Ditto—No, but yours did.

Father—Your teacher says that you told a lie to-day. Boy—Well I am! not a free American citizen?

If a pretty girl doesn't want to be winked at she ought to keep steadfastly away from the soda fountain.

Tom—This is my birthday, what will you give me? Alf—Let's go to the $1 store; anything you want.

In a barroom. Rich First-nighter (to starving Thespian)—Here's a toast to you, sir. S. T.—Thanks, but I don't see the quail.

Meet and Drink.—The reason some men can't make both ends meet is because they are too busily engaged in making one end drink.

Stockholder—So Mr. Blanque has left the bank, I'm told. President (sadly)—Yes, and I'm afraid that's about all he did leave.

"Thrown up your situation?" "Certainly; I am about to marry." "Do you propose to live on love?" "No, on my love's father."

Sunday School Teacher—Now, Archie, can you explain to us the cause of Adam's fall? Pupil—Yes'm. He didn't have any ashes to throw on his sidewalk.

Miss Madison—What interests you most in the city, aunty? Aunt Cordelia (from the country)—W'y, these cars as runs with elasti city and no horses.

Mr. de Footnit—Have you learned the name of the jackass who is to marry that old sweet heart of yours? Mr. de Softly—Yaws, aw—aw—I am going to mawwy haw mawself.

Tom (enthusiastic)—Sweet little girl, Ethel! I never heard her say a mean thing about anyone! Maud (viciously) Neither did I. I never heard her talk about anyone, except herself!

Weighton (to crowd in barroom)—I'll lift any man here for a hundred dollar bill. Bet I can lift that barrel of whisky. Bartender (to Old Soak)—Take him up, sir; you can carry a heavier load than that.

Charles Sawbones, M. D.—Business good, Tom? Thomas Maimem, M. D.—Tip-top. Had the cases of five old women and a dog last month. C. S.—Any success? T. M.—Yes, so. Lost the women but hope to save the dog.

Hotel Clerk—Good morning, Mr. Punkinton. How did you and your daughter rest last night? Rural Guest—I feel pretty pert, myself; but 'Liza appears to be oversleeping. She said she felt pretty tired when she blew out the gas last night.

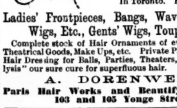
WISHING ALL
A Very Merry Christmas
AND
A Happy and Prosperous New Year
I am most respectfully yours,
GEO. W. SHAVER
244 Yonge and 2 Louisa Sts.

JAMES PAPE
FLORAL ARTIST
78 Yonge Street, Toronto
Specialities for Weddings and Evening Parties. Funeral Designs on the Shortest Notice.
Telephone 1461. Conservatories, 167 Carlaw Av., Queen St. East.

XMAS 1888
RUSSELL'S XMAS SALES AT 9 King Street West have commenced, and will continue to the end of the year without abatement. Watches, Jewelry, Clocks, Silverware, Cutlery, &c., &c., in great variety and at your own price.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
LADIES
My method is meeting with great success from those who have received treatment. I guarantee a permanent removal, and can refer you to leading physicians and ladies that have received treatment. Inquiries may be made by post. Enclose six cent stamp.
Note the address: Madame Boudoir, 603 King St. West, Toronto.

Dorenwend's Paris Hair Works
AND
BEAUTIFYING BAZAAR
Is the Leading House for fine
HAIR GOODS, ETC.
In Toronto. Full lines of
Ladies' Frontpieces, Bangs, Waves, Switches, Wigs, Etc., Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Etc.
Complete stock of Hair Ornaments of every description. Theatrical Goods, Make Ups, etc. Private Parlors for Ladies' Hair Dressing for Balls, Parties, Theaters, etc. "Electrolysis" our sure cure for superfluous hair.
A. DORENWEND
Paris Hair Works and Beautifying Bazaar, 103 and 105 Yonge Street.



J. & J. LUGSDIN
THE LEADING
Hatters and Furriers
101 YONGE ST., TORONTO.

A Liberal Education
NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES
FOR 1888-89
Special arrangements with the publishers enable us to offer THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT, $2.00 a year, with leading magazines and newspapers at the following low rates for one year, postage prepaid:

	Publishers' Price	With Saturday Night.
Scribner's Magazine "Literature of lasting interest."	$3.00	$4.50
Harper's Monthly The oldest illustrated Magazine.	4.00	5.10
The Century Magazine "In the front rank."	4.00	5.60
Lippincott's Magazine "King of the Monthlies."	3.00	4.10
Harper's Weekly "Journal of Civilization."	4.00	5.30
Harper's Bazaar Fashion and Literature.	4.00	5.30
Harper's Young People An illustrated Weekly for the Young.	2.00	3.60
St. Nicholas A world-renowned Magazine.	3.00	4.60

Subscriptions may begin at any time. Remittance may be by Post Office Order or Registered Letter.
Other Magazines and Periodicals will be added from time to time.
THE SHEPPARD PUBLISHING CO. (LIMITED)
9 Adelaide St. West, Toronto.

They're so English, you know.
What?
Those new Scarfs just from London.
"The Lothbury"
"The Fitzroy"
A fine assortment of the above new Puff Scarfs now in stock.
Wheaton & Co.
17 KING ST. WEST, COR. JORDAN

FURNITURE
OUR
SOLID WALNUT BEDROOM SUITE
AT
$28.00
IS ACKNOWLEDGED TO BE THE
BEST VALUE
EVER OFFERED
Davies Brothers
218 Yonge St., cor. Wilton Ave.
For one month only we will allow 15 per cent. discount on all but above.

ROSES HOLLY AND MISTLETOE CHRISTMAS TREES
H. SLIGHT
The Leading Florist (Telephone 3280) 47 Yonge St.

JOHN FLETCHER
IRON AND STEEL WORK
Roofs, Girders, Beams, Stairs, Columns, and all kinds of Iron Work for Building Purpose
OFFICE:
530 YONGE STREET, TORONTO

CHRISTMAS NOVELTIES
Stock Large and Particularly Choice
Ladies' Desks
Piano Lamps
Cabinets
Easels
PALACE FURNITURE WAREROOM
Twisted Tables
Brass Tables
Odd and Quaint Chairs
Music Cabinets, &c.
ALLAN FURNITURE CO.
5 KING ST. E., TORONTO

H. S. MORISON & CO
218 YONGE STREET, COR. ALBERT
Would beg to announce to their numerous friends and patrons that they have just commenced their Grand Clearing Sale of their new and choice Stock of Mantles, Dress Goods, Silks, Fancy Goods, Gloves, Hosiery, &c., &c., preparatory to stock taking and alteration of premises, by which time we must have
$20,000
We refrain from quoting prices. All goods marked in plain figures. No trouble to show goods. Ladies, do not miss this opportunity—this will be a
BONA FIDE
Sale, as we must reduce our stock considerably. Ladies, you know our goods are all NEW and CHOICE, and no other house can offer better inducements.
DRESS AND MANTLE MAKING AN ART WITH US
Special Terms All Next Month

Personal.

(Continued from Page Two)

very strongly urged upon him the claims of Prof. Chas. G. D. Roberts, M.A., for the chair of Language and Literature in the university. Mr. Roberts' long and successful collegiate training fits him for the place. Of his merits as a literary man I need say nothing, all are familiar with his career in letters, and are as proud of him as I am.

Lotta—otherwise Miss Crabtree—will not play the coming season—and she doesn't have to, for she is worth a million dollars, and within the last few weeks has been investing her surplus cash in apartment houses, for one of which she paid two hundred thousand dollars in cash. She intends to go first to England, then France, Italy, Africa, India, Australia, returning by the way of San Francisco, where she will open the season after next. Miss Lotta, with her pretty face and sprightly ways and chinking coin, will cut an immense swell in foreign parts, and the dukes and counts and my lord and the baron will no doubt all be striving for her acquaintance. The path of the actress may not be free from thorns, but it is evident there are some pretty big bunches of roses within reach.

On Thursday evening it was my good fortune to be one of some forty gentlemen who were invited by Mr. F. H. Torrington to adjourn to the College of Music after the Messiah concert to spend a social hour. On arriving at that institution we found a sumptuous supper laid in the parlors, and no time was lost in making ourselves acquainted with the good things so temptingly displayed. After merely personal wants had been attended to, a "feast of reason and flow of soul" was instituted, and speeches were made by Messrs. Torrington, Toshack, Haslam, Earls, Ambrose, Lucas, Dorey, Field, Forsyth and others, interspersed with songs by Messrs. Warrington and Schuch. Among those present I noticed: Messrs. E. A. Toshack, Capt. Manley, Arthur E. Fisher, T. E. Aikenhead, John Earls, W. E. Haslam, Hy. Bourlier, R. Tinning, G. Alexander, Theodore Martens, F. Boucher, Harry Field, W. O. Forsyth, Clarence Lucas, E. W. Schuch, Fred Warrington, L. Corell, H. Jacobsen, J. F. Thomson, F. Napolitano, -- Jamieson, J. Bayley, T. C. Jeffers, C. Roiddy, Arthur Dorey, R. S. Ambrose, A. L. Ebbels.

"The Day Will Come,"

Miss Braddon's latest novel, superbly illustrated by English artists, will begin in SATURDAY NIGHT January 12. This is the Canadian copyright edition and publishers are warned against infringements.

Out of Town.

[NOTE.—A number of communications have been rejected this week, owing to the absence of the correspondent's name, which must always accompany a letter, no matter how well known the writing or the writer may be.—ED.]

BARRIE.

Mrs. Andros' party was held on Friday evening last, instead of Thursday, as I mentioned in my letter last week. This affair was a grand one, and, as all Mrs. Andros' parties are, was very enjoyable. Dancing was commenced about the usual time and continued until late in the evening. I noticed among the large assemblage Mrs. Spotton, Mr. W. H. B. Spotton, Miss Spotton, Mrs. Dickenson, Mrs. T. R., F. S., and the Misses Barber, Mrs. Samuel Lount, Miss Collier, Miss Hall, Miss Miller, Miss Holmes, Miss Stevenson, the Misses Forsyth, Mr. T. R. and the Misses Bays, Mr. E. A. Mitchell, Mr. W. D. B. Spry and Miss Spry, Mr. H. McVittie, Mr. F. and Miss Hornsby, Mr. A. and Miss Dyment, Mr. F. H. Lauder, Mr. R. and Miss Shrieber, Mr. W. and Miss Campbell, Mr. E. A. and Miss Kortright, Mr. Gillett, Capt. Wise Miss Hewitt, Miss Murphy, Mr. MacGregor, and others. Several of our talented young ladies presided at the piano, and the strains of sweet music wafted through the air. Mrs. Andros is considered a most genial hostess, and did honor to her guests, as did Mr. R. Andros as host. The evening was thoroughly enjoyed by all.

Miss Hall of Toronto is visiting Mrs. Baker at Sunnyside.

Mr. B. R. Badgley of the Bank of Commerce spent New Year's at Cobourg.

Next week I will do honor to the bachelors of Barrie by reporting upon their ball, which was held Wednesday evening last.

In my last report, where I mention about Barrie ladies and gentlemen visiting in Toronto, this mistake occurs: Mr. Byron, Mrs. R. Nicholson spent Christmas in Toronto. It should read: Mr. and Mrs. Byron, Mr. R. Nicholson spent Christmas in Toronto.

VERITAS.

BRANTFORD.

The city has been quite gay this week, though the festivities have been mostly confined to the younger people. Mrs. A. L. Hardy entertained a large party of young people on New Year's eve for her son, Mr. Curran Hardy, who is at home for the holidays.

On New Year's evening Miss Goold gave a "shoot and pillow case" party in honor of her niece and nephew, Miss Marian and Mr. Frank Allan. The guests arrived draped in sheets, their faces covered with small cotton masks and their heads adorned with pilow cases, making it impossible to distinguish anyone. A great many comical mistakes were made, and the young people enjoyed it immensely.

Mr. Henry Yates gave a gentlemen's dinner party on New Year's eve.

Miss Mary Christie was in town last week for a short visit, the guest of her uncle, Mr. J. Y. Morton.

Mr. Sykes of Toronto spent a few days with friends in town.

On New Year's eve Mrs. Herbert Yates entertained a few of her lady friends at a supper party. A delightful evening was spent, and the ladies are most enthusiastic over this novel idea for evening parties. Several speeches were made, and Auld Lang Syne was sung before the company departed.

New Year's day was very quiet, very little calling being done and a great many ladies not receiving. In the evening Mrs. D. Curtis gave a delightful dancing party. Amongst those present I noticed Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Wilkes, the Misses Havcock, Miss Georgie Ross, the Misses Leonard, Mr. H. Leonard, Miss May Bissett, Miss Kate Wilkes, Miss Bishop, Mr. F. Bishop, Dr. E. Bishop, Capt. and Mrs. W. A. Wilkes, Miss Nita Nelles, Miss Morton, the Misses VanNorman, Miss Allie Wilkes, Mr. H. Whitehead, Mr. Duffy Cortland, Mr. Henry Gale, Mr. Hoskins, Mr. Keith Brown, Mr. Ridout, Messrs. F. D. and Ralph Reville, Mr. H. J. Minty, Mr. Finucane, Messrs. Arthur and Alfred Watts, Mr. N. Killmaster, and Mr. McMahon of Toronto.

MEAFORD.

At the Bachelor's Ball, held in the Roller Rink on Friday evening, December 21, about eighty persons from town and other places were present. It is the opinion of everyone who attended, that this assembly was the event of the season. The floor was waxed to perfection, and was in excellent condition for tripping the light fantastic. Among those present from Owen Sound were Mrs. D. A. Creasor, Miss Creasor, Miss Todd, Miss Minnie Todd, Miss Dobie, Miss Jennie Dobie, Miss Edgar, Miss Jeffrey, Miss Trethewie, Miss Start of Goderich, Messrs. J. C. Forster, C. D. Marsland, C. J. Trotter, H. B. Smith, W. H. Smith, W. Scott, D. Christie, H. Trethewie, W. Todd, A. E. Taylor, H. G. Tucker, John Scott. From Thornbury—Miss Richardson. Miss Moore, Mrs. Charles Long and Messrs. Charles Long, Dr. Kent, L. H. Home, H. Moore, T. White. Dancing was commenced at nine o'clock and kept up until four o'clock next morning. The rink was handsomely decorated. Large streamers of bunting were stretched across the building and on the walls were hung beautiful works of art. The young men who were instrumental in getting up and making this dance such a decided success are to be congratulated on their efforts as this assembly was the best of the kind ever held in Meaford.

Miss Lillie Fuller is visiting in Owen Sound at the residence of Mr. S. J. Parker.

Mr. H. M. Cleland of Toronto spent New Year's in town at the house of his uncle, Mr. Mayor Cleland.

Miss Bella Stewart has returned to town after a prolonged visit at her sister's, Mrs. D. A. Ferguson of Waterloo.

Miss Madge Stewart of Toronto is spending her holidays at her father's residence.

Mr. W. J. Carnahan, a student of the College of Pharmacy, Toronto, is spending his Christmas holidays in town. Mr. Carnahan passed his junior examinations very successfully having succeeded in obtaining eighty four per cent. of the total number of marks.

COBOURG.

The reception given by Mrs. Dumble and Mrs. Hollingshead on Friday evening last, at Dromore—the spendid George street residence of Mr. John H. Dumble (Local Master of the High Court of Justice)—was the social event of Yuletide in Cobourg. Brightly the lamps shone o'er one hundred and fifty guests, representing the beauty and the chivalry of half a dozen towns. No house in Cobourg is better arranged for the entertainment of a large party than Dromore, and no citizens are better skilled in the art of pouring pleasures profusely round than the hosts of the evening. Among the guests were noticed: Col. and Mrs. Graveley, the Misses Armour, Mr. and Mrs. Cruso, Mr. and Mrs. Boswell, Mr. and Mrs. Daintry, Capt. and Mrs. Sadgrove, Mr. and Mrs. J. Hargraft, Mr. and Mrs. Alex Hargraft, Mr. and Mrs. Huycke, Mr. and Mrs. Holland, Mr. and Miss Burnham, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Barron, Mr. W. F. Kerr and Miss Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. Riddell, Mr. and Mrs. Pringle, Mrs G. M. Clark, Mrs. H. C. Dennis, Capt. and Mrs. Gifford, Lieut. David McNaughton, Lieut. F. K. Bouverie, Cader Wilson, Cadet Rogers, Mr. Mort. Atkinson, Mr. E. A. Macnachton, Mr. H. Burn.

Conservatory of Music Examinations.

The following is the result of the Christmas examinations of pupils in the Theoretical Department of the Toronto Conservatory of Music, Mr. Arthur E. Fisher, Mus. Bac., being the examiner:

First Year Examinations: First Class—Miss Alice A. Smith of Ancaster, Mr. Donald Herald of Toronto, Mr. J. D. A. Tripp of Toronto. Second Class—Miss Lodemie White of Springfield.

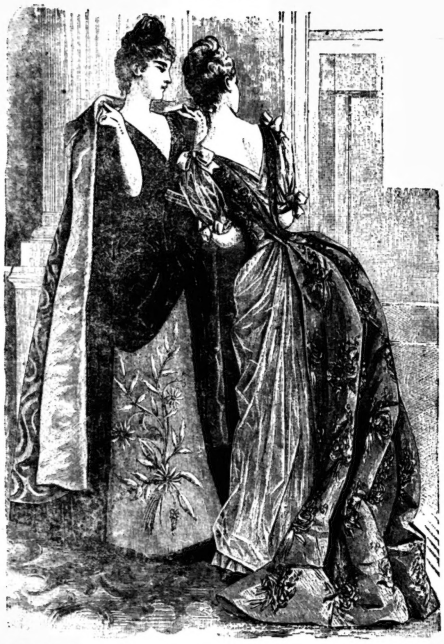
Second Year Examinations: First Class—Miss Annie Johnson of Toronto. Mr. Cyril E. Rudge of Toronto. Miss Helen M. Moore of Caledonia. Second Class—Miss Anna M. Lewis of Toronto, Mr. Henry J. Holden of Toronto, Miss May A. Bean of Oshawa. Third Class—Miss Constance Lea of Toronto.

Thomson, Kreisler and Rosenthal.

So much has been said of late regarding the two successful appearances of Mrs. Agnes Thomson in concerts in New York, that the announcement of her appearance in concert here on the 11th is exciting great interest especially as there is associated with her in the concert the great pianist Rosenthal and the boy violinist Kreisler. These two artists have won the name in New York of being the greatest pianist and violinist that have appeared in that city for years, and their manager engaged Mrs. Thomson to sing with them immediately after the first concert at which she sang in New York. The officers of the Royal Grenadiers are giving the concert here, and the audience will undoubtedly be one of the finest ever gathered in the Pavilion.

Mr. Frederic Villiers, war correspondent and artist of the London *Graphic*, will give an illustrated lecture on his experiences as such, in the Gardens, on January 17th and 18th.

Evening Gowns.



Novelty effects from Parisian modes by The Atradome, King street East. Perfection guaranteed. Estimates, designs and measurement guides sent everywhere on application.

So Worried.

The night before the wedding, and he was bidding her good night, and softly whispered:

"To-morrow eve, my darling, we begin our journey as bride and bridegroom, pilgrims of life together; hand in hand will we journey a-down life's rugged road. We shall want to set out with a glorious equipment of faith and hope and courage, that neither of us may faint and fall by the wayside before the journey is ended; will we not, darling?"

"I—I—oh, yes, to be sure; only I really am so worried about the train of my dress. It didn't hang one bit nice to day when I tried the dress on, and I'd die with mortification if it hung so at the wedding to-morrow. Go on with what you were saying, dear!"

Jacobs & Shaw's Opera House

ONE WEEK

Commencing Monday, Jan. 7

MATINEES

Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday

EDWIN ARDEN

In His New Irish Play

BARRED OUT

PRICES AS USUAL

THE MELNOTTE DRAMATIC CLUB

IN

Victoria Hall, Friday, January 11

WILL PRESENT

MADELAINE

The Belle of the Faubourg

The stage will be enlarged for this occasion, the scenery will be of the best, Claxton's Orchestra will supply music, and about thirty ladies and gentlemen will take part. The proceeds will be given to the Hospital for Sick Children.

Admission 25c; reserved seats 50c., which can be had from the Secretary, ARTHUR STREET, 181 Mutual Street.

CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER

Cor. Bloor Street and Avenue Road

MUSICAL SERVICE OF PRAISE

Wednesday Evening, Jan. 9

By the Choir of the Church, assisted by

Mlle Adele Strauss and Mr. Arthur Dorey, Organist of St. Luke's Church

Solos by Mlle Adele Langstaff, Miss Maggie Campbell, Mr. J. H. Dennison and Mr. Schuch

Collection in aid of the Choir Fund. Mr. G. H. Fairclough, organist; Mr. E. W. Schuch, choirmaster.

WEDDING PRESENTS

IN GREAT VARIETY AT

WHOLESALE PRICES

New Goods just to hand from England in handsome cabinets of

DESSERT KNIVES & FORKS

Figures, Vases, 4 o'clock Tea Sets, Salad Bowls, Biscuiteres Sugar and Cream Stands—in the most fashionable china, Marble Clocks, Bronzes, Music Boxes, Etc., at

Lydon's Sheffield Warehouse

32 YORK STREET

ARTICLES SENT FOR APPROVAL ANY DISTANCE.

FOR A SUITABLE AND HANDSOME

Xmas or New Year's Gift

BUY A

Wheeler & Wilson

NEW HIGH-ARM

FAMILY SEWING MACHINE

OUR No. 9 Is superior to all others in point of Ease, Rapidity, and Precision of Action, Uniformity of Tension and Perfection of Seam, Simplicity and Durability, Elegance of Design, Excellence of Workmanship, Form and Quality of Cabinet Work, and general attractiveness of appearance.

WHEELER & WILSON MANUFACTURING CO.

266 Yonge Street

Telephone No. 277 TORONTO

I used Morse's White Lavender Soap two years ago; since then I have used no other.

ANNUAL ENTERTAINMENT

BY

Royal Grenadiers

IN THE

PAVILION MUSIC HALL

FRIDAY EVENING, JAN. 11, '89

GRAND CONCERT

BY

THE PRINCE OF PIANISTS, MORIZ

ROSENTHAL

THE GREAT YOUNG VIOLINIST, FRITZ

KREISLER

AND

THE LATEST GREATLY SUCCESSFUL NEW YORK DEBUTANTE, AGNES

THOMSON

CHAS. E. PRATT, Accompanist.

HY. WOLFSOHN, Manager.

Reserved Seats $1.00
Admission 50

HORTICULTURAL PAVILION

JANUARY 17 and 18

Under the patronage of the Commanding Officer and Officers of the Toronto Garrison

FREDERIC VILLIERS

the famous war correspondent and artist of the London *Graphic* will deliver two lectures as above, illustrative of his thrilling experiences on many battlefields. Illustrated by Stereoptican Views.

Admission 25 Cents. Reserved Seats 50 Cents

Plan opens at Nordheimer's Friday Jan. 11, 10 a.m.

Stovel & Company

LADIES' TAILORS

73 King St. West - Toronto

LADIES' DRESS SLIPPERS

Bronze, Patent Leather

French Kid and Imperial Kid

In the newest and most pleasing designs. Also

FRENCH SATIN SLIPPERS

In Colors.

All New & Stylish

79 King Street East, Toronto

H. & C. Blatchford

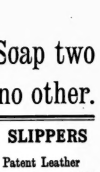
NEW, ELEGANT AND POPULAR

American Boots and Shoes

AND

EVENING SLIPPERS

In all Varieties, Sizes and Widths now on hand.



RESIDENCE FOR SALE

A beautiful little home on Grenville Street, ten rooms—Drawing-room, Dining-room, Smoking-room and Library, two Kitchens, four Bedrooms, elegant Bathroom; superior plumbing; drainage perfect; lot 45 feet frontage; situate 25 and 27 Grenville Street. Apply to S. DAVISON, 14 Colborne Street.

1889 St. Andrew's Ward 1889

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE

ARE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED FOR

J. E. VERRAL

As Alderman for 1889.

Election Takes Place Monday, Jan. 7

St. Patrick's Ward.

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE

ARE RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED FOR

MILES VOKES

As Alderman for 1889

The Irish Widow.

"Oi say, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

"Fwhat is id, Mrs. Magoogin?"

"Do ye know the noo racket for Noo Year's?"

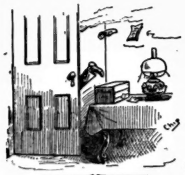
"Faix'n Oi don't."

"Thin, fwhisper, an' Oi'll tell ye," said the widow. "This mawrnin' bright an' airly I resaived a posthtole card from th' edithr av a noospaper axin' me to sind him me pinnygin av ka'pin' opint house an Noo Year's Day. Oi was nuver more supproised in all me loife afore, Mrs. McGlaggerty, an' Oi sint th' editur wurrud so, be Tommy, so Oi did. Fwhat diffrence did id make to annybody fwhether a lone widdy loike mesel' wants to kape her house opint an Noo Year's Day ur no. Sure'n id don't make no diffrence wud me daughther, Toozy, Oi know, an' aff me own pinnygin has no weight in me own shebang fwhat's the use av peddlin' id around in the colyumns av the noospapers, fwhere nobedy'll see id that cares a ha'porth fur id. Bad seaht to me luck, but didn' Oi uxpress me pinnygin verry forcibly to Toozy laaht Noo Year, fwhin Oi up an' towld in front av the McGouns an' thim shtuck-up froights the O'Flanneys that Oi didn't take no shtock in bringin' the b'ys sivin moles in th' world, many ov thim wid no overcoats an thim, an' givin' thim nothin' but limmynade an' jilly cake to appease their thusht an' hunger wid. Fwhy doon't ye have a drap av th' rail owld shtuff an th' parlor table fur thim?' sez Oi. 'Oh, mammaw!' sez Toozy, 'Oh no; intoxichin' dhrinks is out av the kustion,' sez she, 'bekase they're all out av shtoyle,' sez she. 'Is that so?' sez Oi. 'Yis id is,' sez she. 'Well, thin, divil th' opin house Oi'll kape opint an Noo Year's Day,' sez Oi, 'fur Oi'll bring nobody here an' insult thim be offerin' thim lemmynade an' oice wather,' sez Oi. 'Thin we had id up an' down, an' Toozy she croied an' powwowed antil Oi towld her Oi'd say nayther aye, yes, or no, but she kud do as she plaised in the matther. So Toozy kep' opin house, an' who in th' divil shud blyow in about half past tin o'clock in the mawrnin' but big Tim Rafferty, the contractor's son, an fwhat dis he do but refuse th' limmynade an' set up th' awfulest koind av a yowl fur eggnogg. 'Sure, an' we have no egg-nogg, Timmy dear,' sez Oi. 'Then where's yer poort woiner' sez he. 'We haven't poort woine naither,' sez Oi. 'Thin gimme beer,' sez he, callin out as bravely fur id as aff he war in Micky Maloney's barroom. 'Sorra th' tint av beer in the house, Timmy avourneen,' sez Oi, fwhin—ow! wow!—he up wud his fut an' kickt the limmynade an' the taypot an' the pound cake an' the toomblers up agin' the sailing wud wan lift av his foot. 'See here, me lad,' sez Oi, 'aff that's fwhat ye're up to let me give ye a taste av your own medicine,' sez Oi, an' Oi riz the poker an' put a cut an his forrid that he'll nuver furget. They carried him away insensible an' we shut up the house an' had no more callin' that day. 'There's for ye,' said Oi to Toozy. 'Oi towld ye fwhat ye'd get, an' aff ye'd oonly takin' my advoice an' had a drap av the hard shtuff in th' house me tumblers an' me taypot id be all roight, an' Timmy'd not have the cut in his poil that he's got,' sez Oi. But sure, an' woman aloive, fwhat gud diz id do fur her to have such a lessin? She's goin' to kape opin house agin nuxt Choosda,' an'—God help her little sinse—she'll have limmynade an' tay agin. But we'll fix her. Tammy's goin' to pit a shmallpox voign an the dure, an' Oi'm goin' to tell payple Oi'm dead, an' bechuxt th' two av iz Oi hope to have mighty few callers at the Magoogin mansion an Noo Year's."

Part of a Letter.

Dear Jack:

Knowing what an ardent sportsman you are, old fellow, I send a box of very fine gunpowder, extra powerful. Be careful about smok—



Learning to be a Wet Nurse.

A well known actress picked up a baby in her travels, and, compassion moving her to adopt the waif, she advertised for a wet nurse. She says:

"I believe every mother deserted her own child and came to apply. 'You'll kill that child if the wet nurse's milk is too old,' said one. 'If that woman's milk is too young, there won't be any nourishment in it, and your baby will fail,' said another. 'How can I tell?' I moaned. 'Why, get a doctor to get a nurse.'

"I went and enlisted the services of a human lactometer, and the good work went on. The doctor visited an intelligence office for wet nurses and related his experience. He questioned and examined several applicants, and finally came to a pretty German, sitting quietly by.

"'How old is your milk?'

"'I haven't got any,' said the girl.

"'How old is your baby?' returned the doctor, thinking that Gretchen did not understand.

"'I haven't got any baby,' she replied.

"'Good Lord! what are you here for?' cried the doctor. 'If you haven't had any baby, or got any milk, what are you doing here among the wet nurses?'

"'I thought I might learn,' said she meekly.

"So she has gone away to 'learn.'"

The Tale of the Modest Hunter.

He had been telling her of some of his hunting experiences.

"And did you ever really encounter a bear?" she asked.

"Yes," he said, modestly; "but the story is scarcely worth relating. I remember it was a bright frosty night, and I had become separated from my companions. I was walking along briskly, not in the mood for excitement at all, but rather thoughtful and unobservant. I had been walking in the light for some time, but turned for a moment into the shadow, when suddenly my hand brushed against something soft. I started, stopped, and there, so close that I had actually touched him in passing, was a huge bear. He sat motionless, erect on his haunches, his white teeth gleaming, and his fiery eyes gazing straight into my face. I tell you it was close quarters. I do not know just what I did; but I got away without a scratch, and I left a dead bear there."

"O George!" exclaimed the girl, looking into his face with glistening eyes. She said no more; but she thought how noble, how brave, how strong! as she nestled closer to him.

George kissed her tenderly.

Forty-five minutes later George was walking down Broadway; and, as he approached a furrier's shop, he turned into the shadow and stood before the sign of the big bear, to light his cigar. "Old friend," he said, between puffs, "I leave thee dead again;" and he passed on.

Wanted to Satisfy Her Conscience.

The counting-room people in newspaper offices run across some remarkable specimens of humanity occasionally. Not long ago a woman came into the counting-room of a certain newspaper and drew a long face at the same moment that she drew a handsome pocketbook from the depths of her dress.

"I want an advertisement put in the newspaper," said the woman to one of the clerks at the counter, fumbling the pocketbook.

"Yes; what kind of an advertisement?"

The woman fidgeted a little and fumbled the pocketbook one more.

"I'll tell you how it is," she said. "Six months ago I—I stole this pocketbook in a store. I was a pretty bad woman then, but since that time I've experienced religion an' I want to make my conscience easy, you see. So I want you to put in an advertisement that for ten dollars in cash I'll return this pocketbook."

Not so Light as it Seemed.

Deacon Williams—Brudder Jones, how did yer son come outen de trial?

Brother Jones—De jedge done give 'im two momfs in de jayul.

Deacon Williams—Pears to me like as if you oughter be pow'ful thankful. He got off mighty light, he did.

Brother Jones—Twan't a' light 's you seem ter think. Dey's a-gwinter hang 'im when de two momfs is up.

Satisfied With the Proof.

An old man would not believe he could hear his wife talk a distance of five miles by telephone. His better half was in a shop several miles away where there was a telephone, and the skeptic was also in a place where there was a similar instrument, and on being told how to operate it he walked boldly up and shouted:

"Hello, Sarah!"

At that instant lightning struck the telephone wire and knocked the man down, and as he scrambled to his feet he excitedly cried: "That's Sarah, every inch!"

Seeing the Sights.

Miss Porcine of Chicago has been showing her guest from the east through her father's enormous establishment.

"How wonderful it all is!" exclaimed the guest.

"Isn't it?" said Miss Porcine. "And now we will go to the slaughtering department—that is too fascinating. It's just lovely up there!"

Punished Enough.

Maud—What's Mr. Nicefellow's address, Edith?

Edith—No. 25 Blank street. Why?

"The rude fellow kissed me last evening, and I ordered him out of the house, and told him not to dare enter the door again until I sent for him. Are you sure it's No. 25?"

A Likely Nation.

Young Englishman (dining with the family)—You have never been in England, have you, Bobby?

Bobby—No, sir; but I think the English must be nice people.

Young Englishman—And why, Bobby?

Bobby—Because ma says they make such excellent servants.

The Latest Fashion.

"The Blimbers seem to have spared no expense to make their daughter's wedding a fashionable event, I see."

"No, indeed. Why, they had four clergymen to officiate, and hired a furnished country house to perform the ceremony in."

No Lightning.

Mr. Sitton, a subscriber at Chattanooga, relates that a young countryman near that city, desirous of paying his attention to a certain lady and not knowing what to say, broached the subject in the following unique manner:

"Miss Julia, may I fly around you?"

To which the young lady replied quickly:

"Yes, but don't light."

The Easiest to Walk.

Admiring young lady (to actor)—What line of acting do you most prefer to follow, Mr. Poser?

Actor—A straight line, as much as possible, Miss.

Admiring young lady—A straight line! I don't quite understand, Mr. Poser.

Actor (who has often counted ties)—It's the shortest distance between two points, you know.

Sin is Punished.

Gibbon—Baw Jove, Tom, I'm boiling with wage—nevah was so insulted in my life! A seedy fellaw came up to me in the street asking faw charity, and—would you think it—addressed me as "Sport!"

Bigbee—Serves you right, Howell, for wearing a silk hat with a sack coat.

The directors of Spanish railways may be excellent men of business, but they are not students of human nature, as is shown by the following facts: A few months ago the model of a new railway carriage was put before them, divided into small elegant apartments, each furnished with two seats and a small table, to be reserved for the special use of couples on their wedding tour. Innocent of the well-known fact that newly married couples are always nervously anxious not to appear what they are, the delighted directors ordered some "honeymoon carriages," and for some time past one of them has been attached to every express train, with the result that not a single couple have yet made use of the special accommodation.

Callaway's 29th Excursion Party

LEAVES FOR

British Columbia

THE

Pacific Coast

AND

San Francisco

On Tuesday, January 8, 1889,

A specially conducted party will leave Toronto at 11 p.m. for a'l points in British Columbia, Puget Sound, the Pacific Coast and San Francisco, via the Canadian Pacific Railway, passing through Manitoba and the North-West Territories. Family Tourist Sleeping Cars through to Vancouver without change.

Baggage checked through to destination.

City Offices—110 King Street West, 24 York Street, 56 Yonge Street

RESIDENCE FOR SALE—ROUGH-CAST HOUSE with verandah, and garden of one acre, on the bank of river and close to lake. Telegraph and post office in village. Three miles from station.

A. BRYMER, Port Sydney.

DIAMONDS.

Special Close Prices for the Next Thirty Days

GEO. E. TROREY

(Successor to Goulden & Trorey)

Manufacturing Jeweler

61 King Street East, opp. Toronto Street

St. Charles Restaurant

LUNCHEON AND DINING ROOMS

70 YONGE STREET

Next door to Dominion Bank

Lunch Counter for Gentlemen on the ground floor. Finest Bar in Canada. Choice Stock of Liquors and Cigars

HEASLIP & PIERCE

Proprietors

Will be in condition in about 60 days

Look out for our Gold Label

O'KEEFE & CO.

Brewers, Maltsters & Bottlers

SPECIALTIES—Warranted equal to best brewed in any country. ENGLISH HOPPED ALES in wood and bottle. XXX STOUT in wood and bottle. PILSENER LAGER.

SERVANTS' LIVERIES.

P. Jamieson, the Clothier, is the only merchant in Toronto making a specialty of Servants' Liveries. Our plates show nearly every style of Livery worn in Europe and America. The garments are made in the best styles of the best material and are guaranteed to fit.

Jamieson's prices are always right. Correspondence from those living out of the city promptly attended to.

Notice our illustrations. Different styles every week.

P. JAMIESON,

THE CLOTHIER

Cor. Yonge & Queen Sts.

COLOSSAL

SALE OF CLOTHING

Now in Full Blast

Men's Overcoats

Boys' Overcoats

NOBBY AND NEAT

Equal in every respect to the finest custom work. Selling during the sale at net wholesale figures. Those in need should certainly call.

OAK HALL,

115 to 121 King Street East,

TORONTO.

WILLIAM RUTHERFORD - Manager.

IMPORTANT

TO THOSE WHO WANT TO FURNISH

Young People About to Marry

Will Find in My New Wareroom a

Full Assortment of General Furniture and Upholstering

All goods guaranteed first quality

Only one price net

No trouble to show

Goods all set up in residence

Goods will be packed free for customers in the country

Four large well-lighted flats with elevator

FINE AND MEDIUM FURNITURE

436 Yonge Street, opposite Carlton Street

R. F. PIEPER

Repairing and recovering upholstered furniture a specialty

HEINTZMAN & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANOFORTES

GRAND, SQUARE AND UPRIGHT.

The oldest and most reliable Piano Manufacturers in the Dominion.

Our written guarantee for five years accompanies each Piano.

Their thirty-six years' record the best guarantee of the excellence of their instruments.

Illustrated Catalogue free on application.

Warerooms, 117 King Street W., Toronto.

DOMINION PIANO

1ST IN TONE IN TOUCH IN SWEETNESS IN DURABILITY

SOLE AGENCY TORONTO TEMPLE OF MUSIC.

J. S. POWLEY & CO.

68 KING ST. WEST.

MENDELSSOHN PIANO CO'Y

MANUFACTURERS OF

HIGH-CLASS PIANOS

Unequalled in Elegance of Construction and Beauty of Finish.

Easy and Sympathetic Touch, Fineness and Purity of Tone.

AMERICAN PIANOS. CANADIAN AMERICAN ORGANS

Second-hand Pianos and Organs on Small Weekly or Monthly Payments.

91 AND 93 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO